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MR. SAMPSON SNUB TAKES THE OATH AND SEAT FOR THE DERBY.

MOTLEY

BY

CUTHBERT BEDE B.A.

AUTHOR OF "VERDANT GREEN"

LONDON.
JAMES BLACKWOOD, PATERNOSTER ROW. 1855.

MOTLEY.

PROSE AND VERSE: GRAVE AND GAY.

BY

CUTHBERT BEDE, B.A.,

AUTHOR OF "VERDANT GREEN," "PHOTOGRAPHIC PLEASURES," "LOVE'S PROVOCATIONS," ETC.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

"Motley's the only wear!"—SHAKSPEARE.

LONDON:
JAMES BLACKWOOD, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1855.

LONDON: SERCOMBE AND JACK, 16, GREAT WINDMILL STREET.

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PREFACE.

"The motley fool" whom melancholy Jaques met i' the forest, had "in his brain

> Strange places crammed
> With observation, the which he vented in mangled forms."

Like Jaques, "I am ambitious for a motley coat," under cover of which I may have liberty to vent my observations after my own fashion. To you, then, O gentle Public, I address myself in the language of the melancholy Monsieur—

> "Invest me in my motley; give me leave
> To speak my mind!"

To which I would add—in my own language, and in my own Touchstone character as a "motley-minded gentleman"—give me leave to speak my mind; invest one shilling in my "Motley," and you will not (I hope) repent the outlay.

CUTHBERT BEDE, B.A.

August, 1855.

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MOTLEY.

A PIÈCE DE CIRCONSTANCE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

(TWO-LEGGED.)

MR. TREMMEL (late in the Raw-hide and Curriery business).

MR. DUMMY (Proprietor of the "Ladies and Gentlemen's Fashionable Hair Emporium," and "Importer of Live Bears").

PATTY (Niece to Tremmel).

A TURKEY.

(FOUR-LEGGED.)

A BEAR.

Scene: Hoxton, London.

Time: The Spring of 1855.

SCENE.—*A first-floor sitting-room in the house of* Mr. TREMMEL, *plainly but comfortably furnished. Windows in flat, R., and L. C., the former practicable. Doors, L. 2 E., and L. 3 E. Table laid for breakfast, chairs, &c. Through the window R. C. is seen the top of an out-building; through that to L.C. some laburnum and lilac trees, so as to convey the idea of a first-floor room with a back view in the suburbs of London.*

(PATTY PARKER *discovered arranging breakfast things at table in centre.*)

PATTY. There! having made all ready for breakfast, and uncle not being down yet, I dare say I can find time to say good morning to my dearest Dummy. Oh dear! what a strange feeling this love is! It's like the wind—there's nothing to look at, and we can't tell where or how it comes; and yet we feel it, and pretty keenly too. Sometimes it comes to a little breeze—that's a lover's quarrel before marriage; and sometimes it comes to blows—that's always after marriage, though! but that's a six months' punishment now. There's some comfort in the thought that at last the arm of law is being put round us poor unprotected females. I think I first fell in love with my dear Dummy because he's so like the waxwork head in his own shop-window. There was such a *hair* about him, and he'd such a gen-teel way of expressing his parts of speech, that I'd fallen over head and ears in love with him before I knew what I was about. Of course, if I had known what I was going to fall into, I should never have done it. But, after all, it is but natural to fall in love with a hairdresser; he's so much to do with the *out*side of one's head, that sometimes it's impossible to prevent him getting *in*to it. (*Goes to window R. C., and throws it open. A bear is heard to growl beneath the window.*) There's my dear Dummy's love of a bear! He's walking backwards and forwards in front of his kennel, just as far as his chain will allow him. Mr. Dummy is not there. (*Talks to* BEAR.) Poor ittle ting, then! does it want its master? (*Comes down the stage.*) So do I. I wish uncle wouldn't take such a dislike to the poor thing. I'm sure that it's as quiet as a lamb; and if he *is* near to uncle's poultry-yard, and *does* try to get at the Turkey, why it's only, as my dear Dummy says, the nature of the beast. And, besides, he's chained (BEAR *and* TURKEY *are heard*); so he can only growl and show his teeth, and try to frighten the Turkey—he can't hurt it. But, unfortunately, uncle's dislike extends from the bear to the bear's owner. For the last two months—indeed, ever since Mr. Dummy moved from the end of the street to this

next house, on purpose to be nearer to—somebody—uncle has done nothing but growl about this bear's growling. He doesn't like it being just under the window, as though Mr. Dummy was to blame because the back yard of *his* house comes just under one of my uncle's windows. This is a first-floor, so the bear could not get in at the window, even if he was unchained. Besides, I think that uncle ought to be much obliged to Mr. Dummy; for from one window he can look down upon the bear and Mr. Dummy's back yard, and from the other window he can look down on his own poultry and his own back yard. It's like learning Natural History at one view—the birds at one window, and the beasts at another. (DUMMY *is heard to cough underneath the window R. C.*) That's his signal! my dear Dummy's cough always troubles him in a morning when he knows uncle is not down. (*Goes to window and signals.*) Good morning! No! *he* is not come *down*, so *you* can come *up*. (*Aside.*) I should think this vine-tree must have been planted and nailed against the wall on purpose for Dummy and me; it's as good as a ladder. (*Dummy's head appears rising above the window-sill. He slips.*) Ah, mind, love! now you've torn your—ahems.

DUMMY (*gets through window into the room. They embrace*). What is one's *h*affection for one's *h*inexpressibles when compared

with one's *h*inexpressible *h*affection for the *h*idol of one's 'art? Though I *h*am a nairdresser, I've a soul above *h*inexpressibles; and so had Cupid—he never wore *h*any *h*inexpressibles! he must have been a Scotchman—a Nilander.

PATTY. Indeed, Mr. Dummy, I hope *you* have no intention of turning Cupid. (BEAR *growls.* PATTY *points to window.*) *One* bare fact is quite enough for uncle to set his face against my being Mrs. Dummy.

DUMMY. Don't be afeard, Patty; you may trust your Dummy not to commit *h*any breaches of decorum.

PATTY. And I do so wish that you could get rid of the bear. You know how uncle is always exclaiming against it, and you know how dreadfully timid and nervous he is, and that he pretends that the bear frightens him; and you know how this dreadful war with Roosher, where the Bear comes from, puts uncle about, and makes him eversomuch worse; and you know how fond he is of his poultry, and he says that he shall be obliged to build a wall where the palings are, because he *must* protect his Turkey from the Bear, who is always looking so fierce at it, just as if he wanted to gobble it up. (BEAR *and* TURKEY *are heard.*) And, indeed, my dear Dummy, I wish you would contrive to get rid of it.

DUMMY. But you see, my *h*angel, it would be a partin' with 'alf my business. Though your Dummy is a nairdresser, yet your Dummy can't live by 'airdressing alone. So as soon as I came next door to my new barber's shop—oh, 'evins! did your Dummy so far forget himself as to say barber's shop? I mean my "Ladies and Gentlemen's Fashionable 'Airdressin' *H*emporium"—as soon as I came here, I called myself a *H*importer of Live Bears. That was a striking *h*idear of your Dummy's, Patty! that was taking a high view of my purfession; and showed that your Dummy was no *h*ignorant, *h*upstart barber, but a *h*educated, *h*aspiring *h*artist *h*importing his hone bears for his hone grease.

PATTY. But you've never had but this one bear that you bought from those performing men in the streets.

DUMMY. No, my *h*angel; and your Dummy never *h*intends to have no more. I only keep this one for show. The back door of the shop—'evins! is your Dummy a nidiot?—the 'air-cutting saloon, I mean—looks into the yard; so that the ladies and gents as puts their 'eads of 'air *h*under my 'ands see the real live bear a walking about as nateral as natur', if not more so; and when they see me *h*announce in the winder, in 'uge letters, "Another fine bear just slaughtered!" they think it's the one

they've seen, and they *h*immediately give your Dummy a *h*order for some pots of your Dummy's "Genuine Bear's Grease." They see that the Bear is genuine, so they conclude that the grease is.

PATTY. Hush! uncle's moving. You must get down the vine again.

DUMMY. Me and your *h*uncle is like two buckets in a well; when one gets *h*up, the *h*other must go down. (*Goes to window R. C., and prepares to descend.*) What a *h*useful, *h*accommodating *w*ine-tree this is! It's *h*infinitely better than the ladder which Rummyo had to take with him when he wanted to get into his Juliar's bell-coeny. *H*adoo, my *h*angel! your Dummy will make himself scarce (*Gradually disappearing; then falling suddenly*).

PATTY. Oh, gracious! he's fallen! Are you hurt? (*Comes down stage.*) He says it's only his unfortunate—ahems. (BEAR *and* TURKEY,) Bless me! I've forgotten to feed the poultry, and uncle told me to be sure not to forget that the Turkey required great support. (*Exit door L. 3 E.*)

[*Enter* Mr. TREMMEL, *in a dressing-gown, at door L. 2 E.*]

TREMMEL. I think I shall be stating a fact when I say that this is one of the most saloobriest mornings I've ever seen; perhaps I shall not be deviating from the strict line of truth when I say that it's *the* saloobriest. The aspect of Natur' is something that must be seen to be believed — particularly in 'Oxton. When I was in the raw-hide and curriery business, I'd no time to attend to the face of Natur'; I didn't seem to care about the face of Natur'; consequently, the face of Natur' was neglected. But when I retired from the raw-hide and curriery business, with—though I say it that shouldn't say it—a very snug thing in the Three per Cents., and fifty shares in the 'Oxton and 'Ackney Junctions, then I was able to say to the face of Natur', Face of Natur', I've my eye upon you! and, on purpose to keep that eye upon you, I've taken this 'ere 'ouse at 'Oxton, which possesses the advantage of a spacious garden ever so many feet square, containing three laurels—which the smoke converts from evergreens into never-greens—six sunflowers, one laburnium, and two laloes; not to mention a poultry-yard. And ain't it beautiful for a retired party of my retiring habits, to get up here on a spring or summer morning, and to see the face of Natur' a breaking out all over, as though the face of Natur' had got the nettle-rash, and to see the laloes a bursting into blossom, and the laburniums

hanging out their golden chains, and to listen to the soft voice of Natur'? (BEAR. Mr. TREMMEL *starts nervously.* N.B.—*This business repeated whenever the* BEAR *growls.*) Oh! my nerves!

The voice of Natur' indeed! Well, if it is, Natur' must have an uncommon bad cold in her head. It's that barber's bear: that confounded beast is the plague of my life. I am naterally, I *may* say, of a *timid* disposition, with positively no nerves to speak of, and the fright that four-legged quadruped causes me whenever he thinks fit to growl, is a fright that is really frightful; and, as the aforesaid four-legged quadruped happens to take it into his head to growl somewhere about sixty minutes in every hour, the consequence is that I am kept in a continual state of nervousness, not to say terror. What can induce Dummy to keep a Rooshun monster? The Rooshun monster don't make Dummy's bear's-grease, because I happen to know how many pounds of butter and lard go into Dummy's pomatum pots. Then why, I make bold to repeat, why does Dummy keep a Rooshun monster? I pause for a reply. (BEAR.) The reply is by no means satisfactory. Dummy seems sane enough on all other points; but as long as he's on friendly terms with a bear, he needn't think of marrying my Patty; for—(BEAR)—exactly—I won't bear it. No! as long as I'm Patty's maternal guardian—at least, not exactly maternal, but as good as her maternal guardian—I'll never suffer her to marry a fellow that's the proprietor of a Rooshun monster. Shall I, whose sensibilities could not be crushed by the unfeeling necessities of the raw-hide and curriery business, shall I hand myself over to a Dummy who calls himself an importer of live bears? Shall I tamely submit to have my Patty converted into a female Dummy—a female importer of live Rooshun monsters? No! it's absurd. It would be doing a violence to my sensibilities, which my sensibilities wouldn't stand at any price. (BEAR.) Oh, yes! go it! but it's no use your putting a word in for your master; my mind's made up like a booked parcel, and its directions must be obeyed.

(*Goes to window L. C.*) Chuck, Chuck, Chuck! Well, old *Plucky!* How are you, old *Plucky!* What a fine fellow that Turkey is! (*Comes down.*) The poultry seem to have had their morning repast, and I feel as though I wanted *my* morning repast. Where's Patty? She's generally up and about long before me, and singing like a lark. And shall I turn her singing to a growl by marrying her to a Rooshun monster? (BEAR.) No, my friend! though I *have* no nerves to speak of, I shall do nothing of the sort. I should hope that I know my duty too well as a maternal guardian. (PATTY *is heard without, singing.*) There she is! Patty, where are you? I want my breakfast!

(*Enter* PATTY, *door L. 3 E., with a basket on her arm. She runs up to* TREMMEL *and kisses him.*)

PATTY. Good morning, Uncle! I have been giving the poultry *their* breakfast.

TREMMEL. Bless you, Patty; it does one good to look at you.

PATTY. Mr. Dummy is just of the same opinion, Uncle.

TREMMEL. Oh! you've been talking with him over the palings, eh?

PATTY. Why—he came to give the bear *his* breakfast. (*Begins to busy herself in making breakfast.*)

TREMMEL. Ugh! don't mention it, my dear. To see that Rooshun monster a tearing away at his—what he eats—is, to speak mildly, a disgusting exhibition: it always give me a turn; for I am naterally a timid little fellow, with no nerves to speak of. It's a particularly unfortunate thing, Patty, that a portion of Mr. Dummy's back-yard should come immediately under my window; and though I shouldn't object to this fact, if Mr. Dummy devoted his back-yard and leisure moments to the care of domestic poultry, yet, when Mr. Dummy places in that back-yard a Rooshun monster of terrific appearance (BEAR), not to say of loud habits, then the situation of Mr. Dummy's back-yard becomes a back-yard nuisance. (*Sits down at table.*)

PATTY. Oh! but, Uncle, the Bear's as quiet as a lamb.

TREMMEL. Particularly quiet! oh, yes! (BEAR) Rather too quiet, in fact. To my thinking, though I'm not of reflective habits, he's a bear that's barely bearable.

PATTY. Oh! but I mean quiet in his manners. I've very often patted him, and he lets Mr. Dummy do anything with him. And *I* think that it's very kind of Mr. Dummy to keep him; it enables one to study—oh! what's the word? Zo-o——

TREMMEL. Soho Bazaar?

PATTY. Oh, dear, no! Zo-o—Zoology, that's the word! the sort of thing the beasts teach you at the Zoological Gardens.

TREMMEL. Well, my dear, I confess that I can't quite see the advantage of having (BEAR)—go it! by all means, go it!—of having the study of zoology dinned into one's ears, and brought under one's noses, in this way; or of having—some more milk—Mr. Dummy's back-yard turned into an incipient Zoological Gardens. It *may* be advantageous to keep a bear-garden, but I confess that I can't see it. And, as you know, I've no nerves to speak of, and am timid to that degree that I can't bear any noise; and, as to bearing the growls of a bear, the bare thought of it frightens me. I had never the courage even to marry; I'd

as soon thought of popping a pistol at a female, as I would of popping the question. But my poor sister was more courageous, and when she married your father, Patty, I looked on at her brave conduct with silent awe. Poor fellow! he soon followed his wife, and went the way of all flesh; and I went the way of the raw-hide and curriery business, and have been your maternal guardian ever since.

PATTY. Indeed you have, dear Uncle: and the very kindest and best of guardians. And if you would only let my love be—

TREMMEL (*handing his cup*). A little sweeter! It'll stand some more sugar.

PATTY. If you would only let my love be a source of happiness to some one else, as well as to you, you would make me—oh! so happy.

TREMMEL. And Dummy, too, I suppose.

PATTY. Oh, yes! it would make him very happy.

TREMMEL. Of course Dummy is miserable that I won't give my consent to give you to Dummy, for Dummy to give you the name of Mrs. Dummy, and make you the joint proprietor of a Rooshun monster. No, Patty! if ever I give my consent to make you a Rooshun monster, may I—— (*Bear and Turkey. Mr.* TREMMEL *drops his cup*). Confound that beast! It's all very well for Dr. What's-his-name to say, "Let bears and lions growl and fight, for 'tis their nature too"; but if Dr. What's-his-name had had a live Rooshun monster growling and fighting his pet Turkey right under his parlour-window, Dr. What's-his-name wouldn't have allowed it so calmly. And (*Bear*) whenever Dummy's bear gives me audible tokens of his propinquity, then Dummy's bear aggravates me, because he brings to my mind a very disagreeable event!

PATTY. How so, Uncle?

TREMMEL. Why (*Bear*) he makes me think of Roosher, and the Rooshun Cup that is run for at Ascot, and the day that I went to see it run for. It was the first race that ever I'd been to; for I was such a timid little chap, with no nerves to speak of, that I was afraid to venture into a large crowd, lest the excitement should be too much for me; and I never should have gone to Ascot unless you'd plagued me so to take you there.

PATTY (*aside*). It was that I might go with my dearest Dummy.

TREMMEL. So, when I had left you in a good position, safe in the shay, along with Dummy and Dummy's venerable maternal female parent, I went to get something exhilarating in the shape of ginger-beer. I procured it; and, wandering about in

the state of exhilaration consequent upon taking ginger-beer, I found myself in a place paled round, and filled with people who were talking about "backing the field," and "hedging." Of course I thought they were farmers; and I was staring about me, and feeling partly in a pucker, and partly in a state of ginger-beer exhilaration, when one of the farmers, in a green cut-away coat, and a great horse-shoe pin stuck in his boe-som, came up to me with a little book and a pencil in his hand, and says the

farmer to me, says the farmer—"You laid me a thousand to ten on the Mountain Maid, for the Emperor's Cup, I believe, sir?" Well, I was going to say to the farmer in a tone of the greatest surprise—"*I* lay you a thousand to ten on a Mountain Maid! indeed, I did no such thing, sir!" when either my astonishment choked me, or the exhilaration of the ginger-beer overcame me; for I only said, "I lay you a thousand to ten on the Mountain Maid," and there I stopped; and, before I could recover myself,

the farmer with the horse-shoe had put what I said down into his book; and another farmer, with a horse-shoe, who was standing by, said—"I witness that bet!" and then both the farmers followed the example of their coats, and cut away. And two days after, the first farmer with the horse-shoe found me out, and he made me pay him more than the raw-hide and curriery business had brought me in for a twelvemonth; and when I said that I shouldn't pay it, he said that it was a fair bet, and made before a witness, and that if I wouldn't pay it, he must take the law of me. And, as I'm such a timid little fellow, with no nerves to speak of, and as the exhilaration of the ginger-beer had been removed by a course of soda-water, the farmer with the horse-shoe frightened me so, that, in a moment of weakness, I paid him. (*Bear.*) And I've hated this Rooshun monster ever since, because he reminds me of that Rooshun cup, and how I put my foot in it.

PATTY. It was my fault for wishing you to go.

TREMMEL. Well! never mind, my dear! it did me good; for ever since I have been a wiser, though not a *better* man. (*Boy without is heard to call "Paper!" and to rap at door.*) There's the *Times*. (*Exit* PATTY *L. 3 E.*) I've serious thoughts of not taking in the *Times*, till times alter. Any well-regulated paper would scorn to frighten a timid little chap like me, by telling him everything that can make him feel uncomfortable. (*Enter* PATTY *with newspaper, which she gives to* TREMMEL). And though I only *do* have it for an hour, and pay a penny for the privilege of perusing it, yet it's much cheaper to keep a penn'orth of fright in one's own pocket. But, as long as I have the paper, there is a fatal fascination about it that obliges me to read every word. (*Unfolds paper and reads.*) Here it is, as usual—"News from the Seat of War. Great privations in the English Camp." Well, at any rate, the seat of war doesn't seem to be an easy chair: though the expression may be a mere *form*. (*Bear.*) Yes! growl away! I'm quite aware that the seat of war is no joke to *you*, at any rate. Here, Patty! your young eyes are better than mine. Take the paper, and give us a summary of some'ut.

PATTY (*takes paper and reads*). "Latest from abroad. From our own Correspondent." Then, of course, this *must* be true. "By a private source on which I can rely, I have just learnt that the new Czar"——What does "Czar" mean, Uncle?

TREMMEL. Czar, Patty? Why Czar means Cæsar; and Seizer means one who seizes, grabs, or prigs that which isn't his'n. Never mind the new Czar: go on to the next bit.

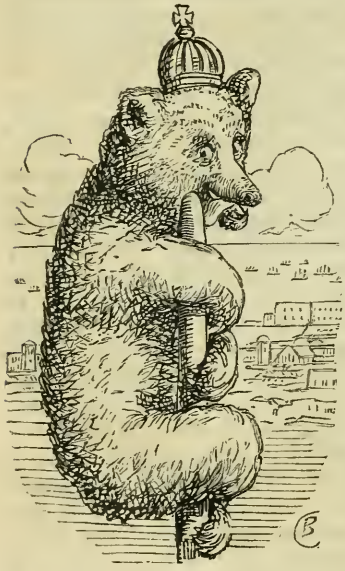
PATTY (*reading*). "The good effects of the alliance between

the two great nations of England and France, are already being manifested in various ways." (*Bear.*)

TREMMEL. Ah! that's enough to make the bears growl. Now that we've found it is better to fight *for* each other, instead of *against* each other, I hope that the only struggle between us will be to see which will be first in the race of progress. And though I've no wish to go into the workhouse, yet I'm uncommonly glad that we've entered into the union, and I hope we shall keep in it.

PATTY (*reading*). "It is currently reported that Prince"—oh, dear! such a hard word! G—O—T—Z—S. Oh, dear, I can't pronounce the word at all.

TREMMEL. Why, you see, Patty, the Rooshuns ain't civilized; so Rooshun names ain't intended to be pronounced like civilized names. I'll tell you how to do it. You must cough at the beginning and end of each word, and you must sneeze between each syllable; and then you'll do it easy. (*Knock at the door.*) There! run and see who's at the door, and give me the paper, that I may have a look at the share-market, and see how my 'Oxton and 'Ackney Junctions are getting on. (*Reads. Exit* PATTY *L. 3 E.*) "Depressed, down again." (BEAR *and* TURKEY.) Oh, yes, go it! by all means, go it! it's *your* doing—the bears are in the market. Well! as there's no magistrate present to fine me five shillings for swearing, I think I may venture to observe, confound those Rooshuns! They not only daily depreciate in value themselves, but they daily depreciate the value of everything else.



PATTY (*enters with a paper*). It's the income-tax collector, Uncle. He says it will be double on account of the war.

TREMMEL. Heu! the Rooshuns don't depreciate the value of *that*, then! Well! though I *have* got a Turk clapped on to my shoulders, I don't object to pay for his sitting there; for it's better to pay for a Turk *on* one's shoulders, than to stand by and allow

the Rooshuns to knock the Turk's head *off* his shoulders, let alone giving them the chance of taking *our own* heads off our shoulders. So give him the income-tax; I should be a N-income-poop to grudge it. (*Gives money to* PATTY, *who exit L.* 3 *E.*) I'm rather too nervous to go to the war myself, and I'm not in first-rate condition to stand the fatigue of night-work in the trenches; so shall I begrudge to pay my share for the fighting that I might, could, or should, but can't, don't, and won't do myself? No! if I did, I should be unworthy the name of a man, and a retired manufacturer in the raw-hide and curriery business. (*Takes up "Times." Enter* PATTY.) I really *must* give up the *Times*. I've no nerves to speak of, and I can't stand the shocks it gives to the system.

PATTY. Oh! don't give it up, Uncle. It is so delightful to read the births, deaths, and marriages in the supplements.

TREMMEL. Well! I must make a compromise, and take in the supplements for you, Patty; for it ain't at all delightful for a timid little fellow like me to see nothing in every column but calumniations, and to find the war creeping into everything. It even gets into the advertisements. (*Reads.*) "Maps of the Seat of War." A very useful, though a *Wyld* idea, because it shows the enemy where they may most safely attack us. "Telescopes for the Seat of War:" if they enabled us to see through the craftiness of them Rooshuns, they would do wonders. "Bedsteads for the Seat of War;" then, I suppose, the soldiers' tents must be tent-bedsteads. I was afraid that their lodgings were on the cold ground. "Tea for the Seat of War:" gunpowder-tea of course. "Boots for the Seat of War:" to enable our soldiers to walk into the enemy, I suppose. "Air-cushions for the Seat of War:" to make it a more comfortable seat, perhaps; or else to raise the wind to pay for it. "Camp Pillows, Waterproof Epaulette-coats, and Compressible Sponging Baths for the Seat of War;" does the seat of war want washing, then? "The Seat of War. Another great victory. The greatest victory of the day is achieved in the dress department of Messrs. Noses and Son, who"—— Oh! this *is* disgusting! The seat of war condescending to be puffed up by a slopseller! (*Bear.*) Growl away, old un! it's the soldiers, and not the slopsellers, that 'll give you a good dressing. And then, there are the music shops. It's quite terrifying to a timid little chap like me, who's got no nerves to speak of, to look into the music-shop windows. Instead of peaceful harmony, and all that sort of thing, they are full of horrid suggestions; they've even turned the music-stool into a seat of war. (*Turns to the paper.*) Here's a whole column of 'em.

"The Sultan's March :" in the right direction, of course. "The Russian Galop :" in the opposite direction. "The Sublime Porte Waltzes ;" oh, does he ? I wonder if he looks more sublime when he's waltzing. Why, every note in these, must be a note of war. All those little black dot things—what are they called ?

PATTY. Quavers, Uncle.

TREMMEL. Quavers ! a very proper name too for such frightening things ; they look just like so many bullets and cannon balls fired over the pages. Then there are the songs. The war seems to have brought out the poets, just like the spring brings out my lalocs. (*Reads.*) "A Bear's a Bear for a' that !" "The Last *Ruse* of Roosher." "Will you fight me then as now ?" "Roosher, then I'll fight thee more." "Britannia Rules the Waves." And much better to be the ruler of the waves, than the ruler of the serfs ! Oh ! here are no end of songs.

PATTY. I think I know a scrap of them all. If you would like to hear it, Uncle, I could sing you a medley song of the Medler's Invasion.

TREMMEL. Let's hear it then, Patty. I'm as resigned as Lord Abbydeen was. (*Bear.*) The bear will growl you an accompaniment : he's quite accustomed to take the *base* part. (*Bear.*) Silence there in the pit.

PATTY. The song was made before the death of the Emperor Nicholas; but it gives a true account of the history of the war, and the causes that led to it. So, as it is a historical narrative, just as much so as those Lays of Mr. Mac Squally, why I think I may sing it. (*Sings.*)

Air—*The fine Old English Gentleman.*

I'll sing you a fine new song, on a subject still in date,
Of a mild-eyed Russian "gentleman," who had a large estate,
But who could not rest contented, and so took it in his pate
To rob another gentleman, who was a Potentate:
Like this mild-eyed Russian "gentleman,"
Who didn't mind a crime.

Air—*Guy Fawkes.*

This was a shameful tragedy; for Nic, with views most sinister,
Sent off to Sir H. Seymour, who was the British minister;
And there he made him join with him to perpetrate the theft, sir!
At least, he tried to do so, but he did it—o'er the left, sir!
Tow! row! row! &c.

Air—*Rosa May.*

"Come, Seymour, listen to me,"
Said Nic, "while I relate

How my poor neighbour Turkey's
In a sick and dying state.
We just as well may visit him,
His goods to take away,
And then a portion of the spoil
To you I can convey.
"O Seymour, say,
Shall we act in this way ?"
But he, polite,
Just took a sight,
And simply answer'd, "Nay !"

Air—*The Low-backed Car.*

Then first Nic spoke of Turkey,
In free and open way ;
A low black-guard he was, and, pat
As butter, lies could say ;
But, though those lies were coin'd to pass,
And deck'd with flow'rs of speech,
No lies were there that could ensnare
The ears they were meant to reach.
For they all knew the low black-guard ;
The Allies knew that he lied hard ;
They knew how he stole
All his land from the Pole—
So made war on the low black-guard.

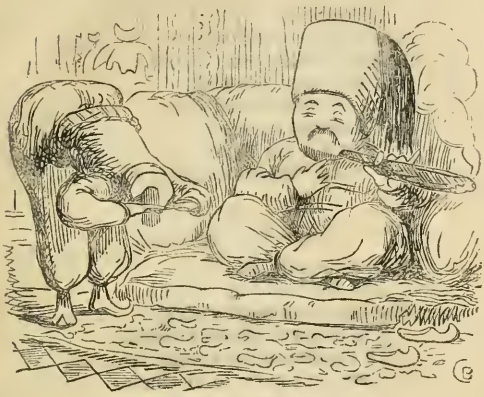
Air—*Trafalgar's Bay.*

'Twas in Sinope's Bay
The Turkish vessels lay;
Each ship was anchor'd then;
They scorn'd the Russian yoke.
Preparing for the stroke
Were all the Turkish men.
The Russians mark'd them on the wave,
And fight the dastard cowards gave,
Nor thought of honour's beauty;
Along the ships the wild-fire ran,
Slaughter'd, or drown'd, was ev'ry man,—
They died, but died for duty !

Air—*Uncle Ned.*

And thus did the Russians, by mad ambition led,
Making hundreds of dead at a blow ;
While, somewhat like a bull, their Czar went ahead
At the pace which all bad tyrants go.

Bang ! went the cannons of the foe—the foe,
And raked down the vessels in a row ;
They gave warm work
To the brave old Turk,
But he ne'er would the white feather show !



Air—*Lord Lovel.*

The Sultan he sat in his cross-legg'd state,
A smoking his usual weed-eed-eed,
When in rushed a Vizier and cried "I fan-cy,
Great Sultan, to war you must speed,
Speed, speed !
Great Sultan, to war you must speed ! "

Air—*The Cork Leg.*

The Vizier ended, and made a salaam
To his master, the Sultan, who said "I am
"Not going to be for this wolf a lamb,
"For, for him and his armies I don't care a "——
Ri tooral looral, &c.

Air—*Billy Taylor.*

When England and France come'd for to hear on't,
They wery much applauded him for what he'd done ;
And then quickly made their first alliance
To force old Nicholas to succumb.
Tol de rol, de rol, &c.

Air—*Nelly Bly.*

Brave Ally! let us fly
The Russian hordes to fight;
And let us on this truth rely,
That Right can vanquish Might!
Hand in hand, by sea and land,
Let our armies ride,
And not, as wont, fight front to front,
But friendly, side by side!
Hie over, ply over,
Overland and sea;
Let's go to work
To aid the Turk,
And set his country free.

Air—*The Cavalier.*

In a terrible fright,
And not wanting to fight,
The Czar was feeling afraid;
When brave Charley Napier
To the Baltic drew near,
The enemy's ports to blockade.
To a tune that stunned,
At Bomarsund,
The Russians to dance made he;
And o'er and o'er,
By jingo! swore
Old Czar! I'll vanquish thee!
Old Czar! Old Czar! Old Czar, I'll vanquish thee!

Air—*Villikins and his Dinah.*

(Spoken.) This here's the moral, which I puts into the middle of the song.

So, all you old tyriants wot countries does bone,
Never not by no means prig that which ain't your own;
For, if you would covet each land you sets eyes on,
The whole Constitootional system you'd pison!
System you'd pison! System you'd pison!

(Spoken.) And then you wouldn't have any spirits to sing
Ri tol looral, lal looral, ri tiddy fol lol lay.

(Spoken.) And then there'd be no prospect of a chorus of outraged Constantinopolitan Constitootionalists, all vociferating and ejaculating
Ri tol looral, lal looral, ri tiddy fol lol lay!

Air—*Post Horn Galop.*

(The Bugle call sounded.)
Now to Portsmouth shoals of troops are coming, coming, coming, coming!
Fifes are squeaking, and the drums are drumming, drumming, drumming, drumming.
Buglers now their trumpets loud are blowing, blowing, blowing, blowing;
Off in *transports* all the troops are going, going, going!
And all about, there's such a rout,
The bands play out, the people shout,
The standards flout—the air without,
And all the bells are ringing;
The men with glee, so frank and free,
Push out to sea—though on the quay
Their wives they see, with piteous plea,
To their poor infants clinging!
(Bugle.) Still to Portsmouth, &c., &c.

Air—*The Girl I left Behind Me.*

Let the times be e'er so bad,
And e'en though worse we find them,
We must and will protect the wives
That our soldiers leave behind them!
For, since their guardians to guard us
Have left them, we should mind them;
So let us all befriend the wives
That our soldiers leave behind them.

Air—*Cheer, Boys, Cheer.*

Cheer, wives, cheer! no more of idle sorrow,
All dread of want from your hearts drive away;
We, who your husband's aid and labour borrow,
To you all that aid and labour will repay.

Though you must part from those you hold the dearest,
Though you must lose protectors loved and kind,
Yet we who gain by this your loss severest,
Will help the wives our soldiers leave behind.
So, cheer, wives, cheer! adieu to idle sorrow!
Though the dark clouds may seem so black to-day,
Yet their bright side may shine on you to-morrow;
So, cheer, wives, cheer! we'll help you all we may!

Air—*I Remember.*

I remember, I remember,
How the war all went awry,
In the horrors of December,
And the fevers of July.
From the first, sir, how at Varna
There were no signs of care,
And our tented soldiers perish'd
In the pestilential air.
I remember, I remember,
How many more did die
In the trenches of December,
Than the marshes of July.

Air—*The Englishman.*

There's a land that now has a world-known name,
Though it is but a little spot;
Yet the brightest deeds in the lists of fame
Were gained in that land, I wot.
For the deadly fight, on Alma's height,
Shall live for aye in song;
And all meeds of praise that the world can give
To the brave Allies belong.
Oh! the foe is unborn, believe me, who can
Crush the might of the French with the Englishman!

Air—*The British Grenadiers.*

Some talk of our commander,
And say he takes his ease;
But he disproves their slander,
In battle's fiery breeze.
And our soldiers all are heroes,
And did make the Russian bear
At Inkermann growl tow, row, row,
To the British Grenadier.

Air—*Oh! no, we'll never mention her.*

Oh! yes, we'll ever mention them,
Their names shall e'er be heard,
Our lips shall ever proudly speak
Each now familiar word.
That little band who Russian hosts
At Balaklava met,
That far-famed charge of cavalry,
We never can forget.

Air—*Hearts of Oak.*

Then cheer up, my lads! 'tis to glory we steer,
British hearts never know what it is to feel fear!
'Tis Turkey that calls; in oppression she craves
To be freed from the Serfs by the Queen of the Waves!
Hearts of oak, like our ships,
Gallant hearts have our men;
For the Russians they're ready—
Ready, ay ready,
To fight and to conquer again and again!

TREMMEL. Hangcore, Patty! Why, Miss Waggoner couldn't have sung more tunes at the Uproar House. It's almost like a song I used to know when I was a boy: it was so long, that when people wanted to hear me sing it, they used to bring their things, and stay the night. (*Bear.*) It's a fact, though you don't seem to believe it.

[DUMMY *appears at door L. 3. E.; taps and enters.*]

DUMMY. May I come in, Mr. Tremmel?

TREMMEL. Well, Mr. Dummy, you're a queer shaver of a barber, you are; first to do a thing and then to ask if you *may* do it!

DUMMY. I hope, sir, that you'll find me as civil a shaver as the Barber of Civil in the *Hopera*; and I 'ope also that you'll find me a *h*expert and clean shaver,—'aving 'ad the *h*onour of 'aving your nose between my fingers *h*every mornin' for the last seven years. (*Prepares shaving tackle.*)

TREMMEL. And it isn't every one, Dummy, that I'd allow to take me by the nose; but I'm such a timid little fellow, with no nerves to speak of, that I never was able to shave myself. The very sight of myself in the glass, with my throat bare, and a naked razor in my hand, just as though I was going to cut it—I mean the throat, not the razor—made my hand shake so, that I was afraid, some fine morning, they would awake and find me lying in my throat, with my bed cut!

PATTY. Find you lying in your throat, Uncle?

TREMMEL. Well! that is where people *do* lie, isn't it? I meant cutting in my bed—psha! lying in my bed with my throat cut. (*Bear.*) You needn't laugh at my mistake, you rude beast. And, as fashion has said to us lords of creation, "Lords of creation, you must every morning scrape your chins with a dangerous suicidal weapon!" and as I was too nervous a little fellow to handle that dangerous suicidal weapon, I was obliged to reply to fashion—"This lord of creation will place his nose in the hands of another lord of creation, and will allow that lord of creation to use his dangerous suicidal weapon on this lord of creation's chin." And you, Mr. Dummy, were the fortunate lord of creation whom I selected to perform the carpenter's operation of making me a deal plainer with shavings.

DUMMY. Deal plainer with shavings! Ha, ha! *h*uncommon good, Mr. T.! With your permission I'll repeat that to my customers.

TREMMEL. Oh! it's a mere nothing to what I do sometimes. And so, as you got used to the ins and outs of my face, I've been afraid to trust my shaving to any one else. (*Sits.* DUMMY *puts cloth round his chin, &c.*)

PATTY. (*Aside*). And gave me an opportunity of seeing my dear Dummy each morning!

TREMMEL. But, really, I'm always in such a pucker when I see any one flourishing a naked suicidal weapon before my face, that I've serious thoughts of following the new fashion and coming out with moustaches.

PATTY. Just like the Rooshuns.

TREMMEL. Confound the Rooshuns and their moustaches! No! if *they* wears 'em, *I* won't! I won't give my countenance to 'em.

DUMMY. That's right, Mr. T.! for if nobody shaved, what should gents of my purfeshun do? We can't live on *h*air, isr, like kemeelions. (*Bear and Turkey.*)

TREMMEL. Confound that ——(DUMMY *puts brush in his mouth*).

DUMMY. Seen the Rooshun news, Mr. T.?

TREMMEL. Oh! hang the ——(DUMMY *puts brush in his mouth.*)

DUMMY. Ah, sir! as you say; we and the French will 'elp them Turks to give the Rooshuns as good a lathering as I've given you, Mr. T. We shall seize them in a wital part *(takes* TREMMEL'S *nose in his fingers*), and we shall flourish our blades in their faces (*flourishing his razor*), and we shall shave their power down as close as I'll shave you, sir, if you'll only sit quiet, Mr. T.; but really you're as restless as if you were the Rooshuns themselves, in the 'ands of the *H*allied *H*army.

(*Great noise with the Bear and Turkey.* MR. TREMMEL *starts up—with the soap-lather on his chin, and the cloth round him—and runs out L.* 3 *E.*)

PATTY. Oh, my dearest Dummy! what ever is your Bear about?

DUMMY. Why, he *will* try to get hold of the Turkey; and I'm afraid he's got loose. His chain broke the other day. (*Goes up to window R. C., opens the window, and leaves it open.*) Good 'evins he has! I was afraid so. But it's all serene, my *h*angel: my *h*apprentice has just chained him *h*up agin. He can't do any 'arm to your *h*uncle, my dear: he *h*only durst attack small game, like that 'ere Turkey.

(*Enter* MR. TREMMEL, *L.* 3. *E., with a few feathers in his hand. The lather is still on his chin, and the cloth is still round him.*)

TREMMEL. Mr. Dummy, this is too bad! Mr. Dummy, this is by several degrees too bad! Here's your Bear been and broken loose, and made the most desperate attack on my Turkey; and I believe that unless I, like an Englishman, had rushed to the aid of the weaker party, these few feathers would have been all that would have been left of poor *Plucky* (*affected*). As it was, I came up with my allied forces just in time; and the brute was beaten off. I should be ashamed of you, Mr. Dummy, to allow a great overgrown Rooshun monster to ill-treat an unoffending turkey. Why doesn't he hit one of his own size?

DUMMY. Mr. T., I'm quite grieved.

TREMMEL. Mr. D., I'm quite *ag*grieved!

DUMMY. It shall not occur again, sir, upon the *h*onour of a *h*airdresser, and as I 'ope to gain your niece's 'and as I have gained her 'art.

TREMMEL. That's all very fine, Mr. Dummy; but though you may have gained her heart, you won't take her hand, however much you may follow suit. (*Bear*). There's an unbearable objection to such a proceeding, in the shape of that four-legged quadruped.

PATTY. O Uncle! for *my* sake you must change your mind.

DUMMY. *H*allow me, Mr. T., to *h*add my *h*earnest *h*entreaties.

TREMMEL. Patty! I'm your maternal guardian; and, *as* your maternal guardian, I know what's best for you; and four-legged quadrupeds and Rooshun monsters is *not* fit associates for the niece of a retired manufacturer in the raw-hide and curriery business.

DUMMY. Oh! Mr. T., you'll *h*alter your mind. At *h*any rate, sir, *h*allow me to complete the *h*operation of shaving.

TREMMEL. No, Dummy! I'm a timid little fellow, with no nerves to speak of, and (*Bear*) that brute has put me into such a pucker that I couldn't bear anything after that bear; especially having a dangerous suicidal weapon flourished close to my throat. So you may take your razors away for this morning; there'll be a double crop for you to reap to-morrow.

DUMMY. Then I'll bid you good morning, Mr. T. But don't fear the Bear, sir; he's quite 'armless, and lets me do *h*anything with him. (*Aside to* PATTY.) Hadoo, my *h*angel!

(*Exit L. 3 E.*)

TREMMEL. Now, Patty, you'd better go and do your marketing. I shall take a little bit of a snooze, and see if it will recover my nerves.

PATTY. Yes, Uncle! I've only to run into the butcher's; I shall soon be back. (*Aside.*) I shall just step in and have a chat with my dearest Dummy. (*Exit L. 3 E.*)

TREMMEL. (*Puts a handkerchief over his head.*) Now for forty winks to restore my nerves. (*Bear and Turkey.*) Go it! by all means, go it! It's very strange you won't let us rest in peace. I should like to give that Rooshun monster a good dose of Turkey rhubarb, to see how it would agree with him. I think it would weaken his power a little. (*Closes his eyes, and talks, gradually falling off to sleep.*) I didn't quite like attacking him, but I saw that he was afraid of me, and I saw that he durstn't touch Dummy's apprentice, so I knew that of course he'd be afraid to touch me. Aha! of course! he durstn't touch me! No! he soon slank away at my approach. But his chain didn't look very secure. Dummy said it broke last week. No— he— the Rooshun— mons— (*snores*).

The Bear appears at the open window R. C., looks in, and then gets into the room. He walks about examining things, sees TREMMEL, *and smells round him; then stands on his hind legs by the side of* TREMMEL'S *chair, and lays a paw on his shoulder.*

TREMMEL (*talking with his eyes shut and half asleep*). Patty, is that you? How soon you're come back. You're a good girl, Patty; bless you! I've had such a sweet dream. I dreamt that the Rooshun monster was gone clean away, and that I should never see his face again. (*Turns round and looks the Bear in the face. Bear growls.* TREMMEL *jumps up.*) Oh! help! help! here's the Rooshun monster let loose! (*Runs wildly round the room, pursued by the Bear*). Murder! thieves! fire! Here, Patty! Dummy! police! police! (*Rushes out of room L. 3 E. The Bear gets on to breakfast table and eats some toast, &c., wanders about the room, and exit by window R.C. After he has disappeared, enter at door L. 3 E.,* MR. TREMMEL, DUMMY, *and* PATTY, *armed with sticks.* TREMMEL *has a blunderbuss, and crouches behind the others in a terrified manner.*)

TREMMEL. There he is! Fire! charge! If I wasn't such a timid little fellow, with no nerves to speak of, I'd let off this weapon at him.

PATTY. But where is he?

DUMMY. Why, there's no bear! You must have been dreaming, Mr. T.

TREMMEL. Dreaming! Eh? What? (*Bewildered.*)

PATTY. Oh! you *must* have been dreaming, Uncle.

TREMMEL. Eh? Oh, no! I couldn't.

DUMMY. Oh, yes, you could, Mr. T. It's *h*all a dream!

TREMMEL. It was a remarkably vivid dream, then.

DUMMY. You see there's no bear here, Mr. T., and if you'll go to the winder you'll see that he's chained up. (*Aside, as* TREMMEL *goes up to window R.C. Bear.*) For my *h*apprentice caught him coming down from the winder and secured him at once. I 'ope you're satisfied, Mr. T.?

TREMMEL. (*Comes down bewildered.*) Well! he certainly *is* there. But, no—hang it! I couldn't have been dreaming!

DUMMY. Why, you see, Mr. T., your 'ead was full of the bear, and you'd naturally dream of him. It was nothing more than an attack of night-mare.

TREMMEL. It was considerably more like the attack of a day-bear. Well! if it *was* a dream, I suppose I must retract what I just said to you outside—that nothing now should ever induce me to give my consent to Patty's marrying you.

PATTY. Oh yes, dear uncle, pray retract, and give your consent!

TREMMEL. Retracting is one thing, Patty; but giving one's consent is another. And though I don't say, Mr. Dummy, that Patty shall *never* be Mrs. D., yet, as I'm her maternal guardian, I *do* say this, that she shall never be Mrs. Dummy as long as Mr. Dummy is an importer of live bears, and is the proprietor of a live Rooshun monster.

DUMMY. And is that your *h*only *h*objection to our *h*union, Mr. T.?

TREMMEL. Well, Dummy, I won't say but what it is.

DUMMY. Then I can soon remove it, Mr. T. (*Bear and Turkey.*)

TREMMEL. Only by removing that four-footed quadruped, Mr. D.

DUMMY. *H*exactly! Seeing that your mind was made up on this point, Mr. T., and that the bear was a *slight* obstacle——

TREMMEL. By no means: he was a very *great* obstacle.

DUMMY. A great *h*obstacle to my *h*union with your *h*angelic niece, "whom to see is to love, and to love is to *h*idolize," I've just been to a party as has been wanting to purchase him of me for some time past, and I've sold him to him, and he's a coming now to take him away.

TREMMEL. What! You've really disposed of your bear? There'll be an end to my Rooshun monster. (*Bear and Turkey.*) He'll never more be able to annoy my Turkey and give me the nightmare!

DUMMY. Yes, Mr. T.

TREMMEL. Honour?

DUMMY. Bright.

TREMMEL. Then come to my arms! or rather, if you prefer it, you may go to Patty's arms instead of mine. (PATTY *and* DUMMY *embrace.*) Bless you, my children! But remember, Dummy! you won't have anything more to do with Rooshun monsters?

DUMMY. No, Mr. T., nothing more.

TREMMEL. You swear it?

DUMMY. Upon my *h*onour as a gentleman and a *n*airdresser! I think the brute is more trouble than he is worth, and I shall be very glad to be well rid of him.

TREMMEL. Then the Turkey can rest in peace and flourish. I'll make it up to you, Dummy; you and Patty shall have all my 'Oxton and 'Ackney Junctions. (*Bear and Turkey.*)

DUMMY. (*Goes up to window R. C.* TREMMEL *and* PATTY *also.*) There he goes, Mr. T. There's the party that's come to remove him. (*Bear and Turkey.*)

TREMMEL. Good bye! it's your last growl. Bless you, Dummy! (*Comes down with* DUMMY *and* PATTY.) There's nothing now wanting to complete my happiness.

PATTY. Nothing, Uncle? (*Points to audience.*)

DUMMY. The *h*applause and *h*approbation of the *h*audience, Mr. T.

TREMMEL. Oh! certainly; but, really, I'm such a timid little fellow, with no nerves to speak of, that I should be frightened to say anything before so many people. And yet—they look so kind, that I think I needn't be alarmed.

(*To the Audience.*)

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I hope that, as we are all very anxious to establish peace, you will kindly allow *this* little piece to be established in your favour; that you will *bear* with its faults, and *forbear* from condemning it. And I trust that you will kindly allow me—a timid little fellow, with no nerves to speak of—who now acts on this stage in this piece of "Bear and Forbear," to remind you, that, on the stage of life, whether we are in peace or in war, we should always endeavour to act up to our profession, and

BEAR AND FORBEAR.

CURTAIN.

(*"Partant pour la Syrie," and "God save the Queen," played as the curtain falls.*)

A CASE OF MYSTERY.

Chap. I.

Louis St. Filletoville, Professor of all the literary and scientific societies of Paris, and Associate or Corresponding Member of half of those of Europe, had as many mysterious letters after his learned name as would have completed the decimated alphabet of Mr. Toby, the learned pig. People of a limited capacity and soured disposition, who understood these letters as little as the sagacious animal in question, were accustomed to observe that the learned biped was not half so amusing as the learned quadruped; and perhaps the social qualities of the latter were more agreeably developed in his performances than were those of M. St. Filletoville, who shone not in public life, but burnt, as it were, under a bushel.

It must be confessed, too, that neither in his appearance nor dress was he capable of adding much grace or beauty to the *salons*, which, on the Continent, are always thrown open to the literati. You would have said—if you had seen his long bony limbs developed in all their unsymmetrical ugliness by his shrunken suit of black, his supple legs, that in walking took all sorts of unseemly directions, and his large hands, flapping loosely like the fins of a dolphin—that poor M. St. Filletoville was decidedly more useful than ornamental. He had a queer way, too, of dressing his hair, which rather added to than diminished the eccentricity of his general appearance. He was quite bald on the crown of his head, as though his intellects had taken a sudden start, and forced the skull up from its place, or as though a band of elfin sprites had danced their fairy ring there; but, as if in compensation for this, he had in front a long forelock (which forcibly reminded one of the popular portraits of old Father Time), brushed up in a sharp peak, as though hurrahing and tri

umphing over the bareness behind. A thin moustache dribbled over his upper lip into a torrent of frizzled hair, to which the pressing engagements of science would not permit him to direct his attention.

Such was the outer man of M. St. Filletoville; of his intellectual inner man, it would take me long to tell, more especially as, at the time when I wish to introduce him to your notice, he had just returned from a long tour in the East, crammed full with philosophical and scientific discoveries. He had tanned himself under the burning sun of Palestine, had been half-choked and buried in the dusty deserts of Arabia, half-suffocated by the noxious vapours around the Dead Sea, half-drowned off a reed bed on the Nile, and, when returning home to France, half-shipwrecked, the ship being driven by contrary winds to the Bristol Channel. Here it was found that the vessel was so damaged, that it would have to put in at the port of Bristol for repairs; so poor M. St. Filletoville was forced to put in, and put up with it. Fresh disasters, however, awaited him. When the old ship had been restored to the waters again, her whole hull had been so strained and knocked about by the storm, that her patchings up were but putting a new piece into an old garment, and, after some few convulsive throes, she went ashore in a mud bed, and (like larger and more famous vessels in the same place) had to be abandoned. Now, of his many valuables on board, there was one for which M. St. Filletoville had from the first evinced the most extraordinary solicitude. This was a large wooden case, of great size and weight, whose contents (though generally believed by the sailors to be untold quantities of gold and silver) were unknown, its owner turning a deaf ear to all interrogations on the subject. How to get this mysterious case safely to Paris, without for a time remitting his constant *surveillance* of it, was now the enigma which M. St. Filletoville was scarcely the Œdipus to solve. Railways were in those days unknown: "trade's unfeeling train" had not, as yet, as Mr. Goldsmith observes, "usurped the land, or dispossessed the swain;" easy-going steamers were not then hourly puffing along through sunshine and storm between England and France; so there seemed nothing for it but to trust the precious case by the British waggon as far as a small town on the Thames, to which place M. St. Filletoville would speedily follow it by the Bristol "Highflyer," and thence transport it by water to London, and so, on to Calais.

This decision having been arrived at after much anxiety of mind, the case was carefully wrapped in hay-bands, and transferred

with much solemnity, under M. St. Filletoville's own superintendence, from the abandoned vessel to the carrier's waggon, which he sorrowfully watched, as it rolled from under the old gateway of the inn; and then, having no heart for anything, now that the object of his solicitude was gone, he retired early to bed, and through the long night had a series of bad dreams, in which the mysterious case lay heavily upon him as a nightmare.

Chap. II.

On the second night after this, old John Maltby might have been seen, pipe in mouth, and sedate in look, filling up the greater part of the old-fashioned porch of his old-fashioned inn, whose quaint, tumble-down gables and paralytic chimneys formed a "bit" in many an artist's sketch-book.

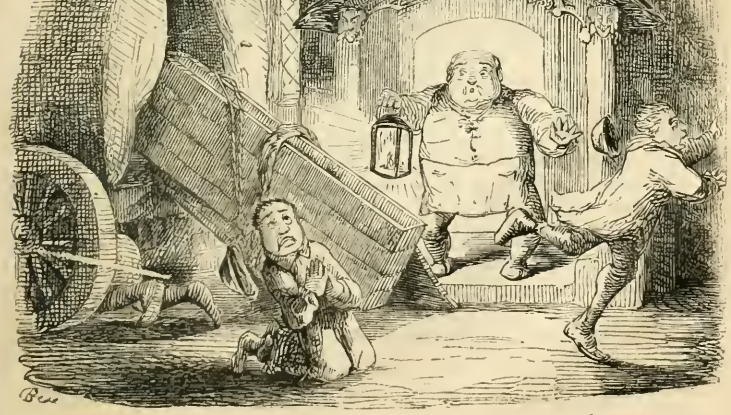
It was indeed a picturesque spot, with that comfortable home-looking English character about it so often met with in those places which are yet in their hobady-hoyhood between town and village. In front of the inn, a great oak stretched forth its gnarled limbs, one of which bore the sign originally the "Grand Turk," but his ferocious majesty having frowned away most of his features, an amateur artist of the place had revivified them into a supposed likeness of "Admiral Benbow," and the Old Benbow was celebrated alike for its good ale and the hospitality of its landlord. Good cheer, indeed, it was to man, if not to beast, only to look in old John's open merry face, with its duplicate chins, and his eyes that twinkled and sparkled like periwinkles in a sand-bed. Old John Maltby was not only duly liked, but duly respected; for an admiring circle of acquaintance looked upon his opinions as a sort of compendium of "Blackstone's Commentaries," and regarded him as the Sir Oracle, so that, when he oped his lips, "no dog barked."

Old John stood meditating in his porch, leisurely watching the smoke from his pipe go curling lazily up towards the dark blue sky of a starry summer's night. Doubtless he thought, as he watched it, that when the smoke went up on high, then he beheld the vanity of worldly stuff gone with a puff: and that thus he thought, and smoked tobacco, as the old song bade him; and, from the stolidity of his expression, and occasional Burleigh-like nod of the head, his thoughts may perhaps have been of this abstruse nature. Whatever they were, however, they were directed into another channel by the sound that heralded the approach of the Bristol waggon, and old John accordingly turned in-doors, to prepare the customary "jorum" for the driver. The waggon soon

came lumbering up, its track lighted by a lantern placed in front, and another carried by the driver, who walked at the horses heads. Three countrymen, who had been picked up on the road, roused themselves from their sleep on the straw, the work of the day having proved too great an opiate for the joltings of the waggon to nullify; and as we have it on Shakspeare's authority that "weariness can snore upon a flint," so they had found no great difficulty in producing their nasal trio on hard packages covered with straw. In payment for their lift, they now stayed to give a hand at the unloading. Hampers, boxes, wool-sacks, and other smaller articles, were bundled out in quick succession, after which the case of M. St. Filletoville demanded their attention.

"Here, you three fellows," called out the carrier to the men, "come and help here; here's summat for you to work at."

Something to work at, indeed! For, first, it had to be extracted from a mass of things around it; then there was the laying it down on the level of the waggon, and the catching hold of breakable hay-bands, and the pushings and pullings, and thrustings and tuggings, until at last by their united efforts it was brought to the edge of the waggon. A ladder and ropes were placed so as to facilitate the descent, and the men being arranged in their places, the word was given to "Let her go, easily." Easier said than done; for no sooner was the case made a case of decline, than, like many similar cases, it sunk rapidly and unexpectedly. The weight proved too much for the men to re-



strain, and came crashing to the ground, its lid bursting open with the force of the shock.

On seeing its contents, old John Maltby, who was holding a lantern to direct the operations, was so far roused from his customary stolidity as to utter a loud ejaculation of horror. The first countryman fell on his knees in a sudden paroxysm of fear; the second crept under the waggon for protection, exclaiming, "It bin a gwust;" while the third cried out, "It bin a murthered mon!" and ran off as fast as his hobnailed shoes could carry him.

CHAP. III.

Down came M. St. Filletoville the next morning by the coach, and up to the inn he forthwith went, to see after the object of his affections. Mr. Maltby had but partially recovered from the fright of the preceding evening, and was soothing his still agitated nerves with his customary consoler, a pipe. While thus occupied, and guarding the portals of his house, M. St. Filletoville encountered him.

"Where is my packet? is him arrive sound?" he said, in breathless anxiety.

"Soho!" muttered old John, "this must be the very fellow we want! Pray, sir, are you the furrineering chap?" he asked. The question excited M. St. Filletoville's displeasure.

"Me a shap!" he said. "Sacre bleu! what for you mean? Eh, eh? Know, sare, I am un professeur. Know I am un gentilhomme. Me no shap! Sac-r-r-re! me tell you what you are, sare, von great ragmuffin, plom-pudding Jean Bull."

Old John was unaccustomed to such a torrent of French eloquence, and it ruffled the serene waters of his breast. "Come!" he said, "no preachin' here! I will not bemean myself by argufying with a mossoo. P'r'aps you'll walk into this 'ere room." And he led M. St. Filletoville into the coffee-room.

"Now, you Jean Bull," said the latter, "is him come? is him sound?"

"You're not sound, I think," said Old John, with the faintest idea of a joke; "but, at all events, you'll be fast soon." And he walked out, and deliberately locked the door on poor M. St. Fille-

toville, who stood in an attitude of amazement at the uncivilised *brusquerie* of English manners.

"Was ever such a thing known? was such a thing countenance?" he cried, as he stamped about the room. "A land of liberté! Ventre bleu! I will have de revanche! De grande nation will not be insult in dis barbare manner! Let me out, sare! Let me out, or I will mount de casement! Open de porte!"

This time his summons was not disregarded, for the door was flung open, knocking down M. St. Filletoville, who was rolled over by two constables, and assisted up again in a summary way, before he had time to collect his scattered senses.

"Come, now," said one of the constables, "it's no manner o' good a strugglin' in this manner; you'd better give up quiet;" and he gave a tighter screw to M. St. Filletoville's neckcloth, whose struggles had only been occasioned by his dread of suffocation.

As soon as he could find utterance, he gasped out his wish to be informed of the reason of their strange proceedings.

"Come, stop your mouth," said Mr. Bubber, the head constable, who rejoiced in a ferocious pair of whiskers, "and don't be a makin' a resistance to the law. Jem, the bracelets!"

His assistant produced them; and Mr. Bubber proceeded to encircle M. St. Filletoville's wrists with those ornaments.

"Mon Dieu!" he cried, "what is dat for? Helas! Dat I should exist ever to see the day in whom I was manacle! Quel malheur!"

And with all the dogs, boys, and surplus population of the town at his heels, he was escorted with great ceremony to the lock-up, and left there for a while to chew the cud of his bitter fancies, and meditate on the probable fate of his beloved case, of which he could obtain no information, his persecutors simply contenting themselves by informing him that he was "a 'ardened willain, and that 'angin' was too good for him!"

After an hour of by no means agreeable meditation, M. St. Filletoville was again placed in marching order, and conducted, amid great excitement, to the private mansion of Solomon Nummerskull, Esq., one of the justices of the peace for the county. That great man was sitting at a table, covered with writing materials, and red-backed, awful books, that threw out flavours of commitments, and had transportation in their very look. These were the books of worship in Mr. Justice Nummerskull's palladium of justice; and, strengthened by their perusal, he considered himself to be one of the very few men who knew how to act for his

country, and that, in the event of his decease, the country would inevitably go to the dogs.

"So, so!" he grunted, as M. St. Filletoville was brought in, guarded by Mr. Bubber and his colleagues, and followed by old John Maltby and the three countrymen who had helped to unload the waggon: "So, so! This is the prisoner; and a desperate man he looks; evidently one accustomed to crime. I have been too many years holding the office, prisoner, as I do, of one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for this county—I have been too long accustomed to study the—the"—("Physiognomy," suggested the clerk, who was seated near his elbow, and helped out the justice in any kind of difficulty.) "As I was going to observe, prisoner, when I perceived your attention wandering," resumed the justice, "I have been too many years accustomed to the physiognomy of the unfortunate criminals who are brought under the notice of my jurisdiction, for me ever to be deceived in the due estimate of their character. Stay, prisoner, no observations or irrelevant remarks. As this is a case which, unparalleled as it is for its hidden mystery and consummate villany, will echo in the ears of—in short, the British lion, I have thought it expedient, in my capacity of one of his Majesty's justices of the peace, to have your first examination strictly private. And in this I am borne out in numberless instances, particularly in the case of the King *v.* Greenfat, for the unlawful detention of a cargo of turtle, which you will probably like to hear read. Clerk, hand me the tenth volume of Burn." And here, as he was now upon his hobby, Mr. Justice Nummerskull might have continued for some time longer, but M. St. Filletoville took advantage of the lull, and began—

"Vill you tell me, sare, vy I am brought here as de slaughter to de sheep—manacle, and made de scoff of all de canaille in your town? I have perform noting, and am drag up for noting! It is execrable—detestable! It is très mauvais, illicite conduct!"

"Your attempted palliation, prisoner," interposed the justice, "only does your cause harm. And you will do well to answer the questions I am going to put to you, without prevarication. Did you, or did you not, send a wooden case, measuring six feet three inches in length by two feet in breadth, from Bristol, by the carrier's waggon, to the inn known by the name of the 'Admiral Benbow,' situated about half a mile from this house?"

"My case! oh, have you had him? I am desolated widout him! I would not miss him for my life," gasped out M. St. Filletoville.

"As your life is concerned in the discovery, I presume you would not. But, ay or no, did you send the case in question?"

Monsieur replied in the affirmative: "I put him in de caisson wid my own eyes," he said.

The justice proceeded in his examination. "Were you, or were you not, seized when you arrived at the 'Admiral Benbow'?"

"Ah, monsieur is droll! Seize? Dey take me by de troat, and suf'cate me;" and a vivid recollection of his capture came over M. St. Filletoville's mind.

"I took him myself, yuir wawshup! and he fought desperate; quite 'ardened," observed the gentleman with the ferocious whiskers.

"Bubber, hold your tongue!" And then the Justice, turning to M. St. Filletoville, assumed a stern and Catoish aspect, suitable to that solemn judicial occasion. "Prisoner, it is with pain and horror that I make you aware of a circumstance, of which you must already be in possession of the atrocious details. Prisoner, in that wooden case was found a dead and murdered body. Stop! no remark! You must reserve your defence until the proper season. Bubber, state what evidence you can."

"Please yuir wawshup," said Mr. Bubber, and his whiskers appeared to assume a more deeply ferocious aspect, "it was this 'ere mornin' as I were fetched up to the Hold Benbow on business of my perfesshun. On my awrival there, I found Mr. Mawltby and the other indiwidooals as is, please yuir wawshup, now in attendance. They said, there's murder done. I asks, how and where? 'That,' says Mr. Mawltby, 'will be left to your well-known and efficient skill, Mr. Bubber, to'"——

"To the point, Bubber," interrupted the Justice, who liked to hear all the eulogies reserved for himself.

Mr. Bubber resumed. "They shows me the mysterious case, yuir wawshup; and, on examining the box, I fund a dead body artfully wrapped up. I then, without dispersing it, puts the lid on the box agin, and came to yuir wawshup; and as yuir wawshup is aweer, by yuir wawshup's advice I purceeds to Dr. Gallipot Galen, to summon him to attend the cawpse. Dr. Galen had gone out, and his awsistant were at the dispensingry, but the young poopil what he has goes back with me, and hexamines the cawpse. And he gives it as his firm opinion, that the indiwidooal in the box had been strangled, and afterwards buried alive; also, that the cawpse had been dead some months, as it were quite shrivelled. I then stops at the Hold Benbow till my gemman should awrive, and me and my partner took him, after the most

desperate resistance, which I am willing to confirm on hoath before his Majesty's judges and juries of the Hunited Kingdom of Great Britain."

"Now, prisoner," said Mr. Justice Nummerskull, "you have heard the evidence of the superintendent of our police force; and, as this is merely a private and preliminary examination, I will, before I examine the other witnesses present, give you a chance of making any confession relative to this dark and terrible case of mystery. By confessing, you may, perhaps, lighten the extreme severity of your sentence; though justice must be done, and I am determined, in my capacity as one of his Majesty's ustices of the peace, to hold her scales as evenly as possible. Now, prisoner, who is, or I should rather say who was, the unfortunate person whose body was discovered in that case?"

"De person in my package?" said M. St. Filletoville, who now began to have an idea how matters stood with him. "Dat person was once de King of Egypt!"

"King of Egypt!" cried Mr. Justice Nummerskull; while his satellites in wonder echoed the words—"King of Egypt! murder a King of Egypt! and this not to be discovered until brought within my jurisdiction. Here's immortality. Justice Nummerskull who first examined the murderer of the King of Egypt! The king couldn't do less than knight me—*Sir* Solomon Nummerskull, before whom the murderer of the King of Egypt—oh, it's too much! It unmans me!"

But the blessed dreams of the man were put to flight by the stern requirements of the Justice; and Mr. Nummerskull, overpowering his emotions, proceeded with his examination.

"Answer me, prisoner. In what way did you accomplish your act?"

"In what way? De simplest of de simples way," answered M. St. Filletoville. "I went to Pyramid exploring. I take Arabs men wid me. Dey clean de robbish—expose vot you call de hole—de reperture. Inside was de mausoleum—cemetery—wid bodies. De Arabs men have choice of de one body, and I bought him. He vos not assassine. I am no assassin. I would faint at de blood's sight. Sare, I expel your gross charge. I despise you as von simple. He dat was in my case vos one *mummy* I vos take wid me to Paris for de museum!"

It is needless to say that Mr. Justice Nummerskull, together with his satellites, was confounded; and the affair was diligently hushed up; M. St. Filletoville being too happy to regain his prized property, and to set off, as hastily as possible, for his native country with his Case of Mystery.

LAY OF A LINEN RAG.

I lay on the bosom of Beauty,
I felt ev'ry throb of her heart;
To shield it from hurt was my duty,
To press it with warmth was my part.
A monarch my throne might have envied,
But sigh'd to possess it, in vain;
For none but the truest of lovers
Could e'er that proud station obtain.

For a time I thus held my position,
And in secret was clasp'd to her breast,
When fate chang'd my blissful condition,
And tore me away from my rest.
For the tidings of battle had reach'd her,
And she wept for the wounded and slain;
And she bade me haste over the waters
To soothe the sad anguish of pain.

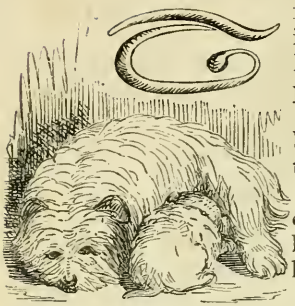
So, hither I came o'er the waters
To the war-stricken land of the Turk,
Where a bevy of England's fair daughters
In the hospitals set me to work.
And thus I, who so lately, and idly,
Lay lapp'd in the bosom of Love,
Now solace the wounded and dying,
With the charity sent from above.

THE BILLIARD GAME OF LIFE.

Cleopatra—Let us to billiards:
Come, Charmian.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act. II., Sc. 4.

Yes, Charmian! It does, I say,
Remind me very much of life,
This game of billiards that we play,
With all its mimic craft and strife.
The table here so smoothly lies,
So green and bright, so trim and even,
Just like life's path to youthful eyes,
When all seems fair as summer's heaven;
But there are crosses to be met,
And "cannons" knock us all about,
And gaping pitfalls round are set,
From which, like bankrupts, we come out.
But chief resemblance 't is that "kisses"
Are always very near to *misses*.

MOTLEY MEDITATIONS.



THE best way to put up with offence is to meet it with a "Ha! ha!" By this means you will hedge with profit to yourself.

The pleasantest sort of Christmas bills appear to me to be the bills of the pantomimes.

When a groom gives his steed the choice of beans or oats, what does he do but put the *carte* before the horse?

It seems unreasonable that critics should not be satisfied with an artist's picture being hung, drawn, and quartered in the Royal Academy, but that they must further proceed to cut it up.

I am not wrong in stating that the ready-made shoe-shops only keep one size,—since each shoe must be a foot long.

The contemplation of a hen sitting is like the contemplation of a coat-of-arms hung up for a person's death; for, in each case, there is a hatch-meant.

The familiarly interrogative advertisement, "Do you want your arms found?" is a question that Miss Biffin would have considered personally offensive.

The poet of the seasons found much poetry in snow, and more in rime.

A SIMPLE SONNET.

LIKE distant music—heard at even
When the gold light has left the dying day—
Which, like some spirit song from heaven,
Swells softly, then as softly dies away;
Yet dieth not away within the soul,
But leaves a soothing influence behind,
That oft will in our thoughtful hours control
The grosser, worldly cares that crowd the mind,—
Just so the thought of dearest friends will steal
Over the pensive soul with fond reflections,
And, waking slumbering chords of love, reveal
Those hidden ties that bind our best affections;
And—goodness gracious, bless me!—what a deal
Of good it does to have such recollections!

MR. DOOLAN'S VISIT TO THE WAX-WORKS.

I.

OH! I came up to Lunnin, to see all that's stunnin',
The frakes and the fun in that quare big town;
And that most surprisin' av all I clapt eyes on,
In a tale wid no lies in, I'll jist jot ye down.
'Twas in a gin pallis that meself and Tim Wallis,
All widout any mhalice, was imbibin' a go,
When ses Tim, "Tare an oun', man! ye've bin threw the town, man,
An' ye've niver bin down, man, to the Wax-worruk show."

II.

"There!" ses I, "now, me dhawrlin', jist don't ye be snawrlin',
For it's meself that will cawrl in, if it's dhrink that they dhraw!"
Then ses Tim, a discoorsin', a voice that was hoarse in,
"It's no drink goes the doors in av Maddum Toossaw,
For it's there they expect you all to be intellectual,
So the wax-worruks dhirect you all to the haroes av fame;
And, to be more insthructin', to childthrin' they're deductin'
The half-price, and have chuckt in the schools at the same."

III.

"Well," ses I, "that purloite is; and, sinse it a soight is,
Why, p'r'aps it but roight is to see it all fair."
So Tim he stood thrate, sirs, and we twisted our fate, sirs,
Unto Baker-strate, sirs, in the Portman Square.
There we see all the wax-worruk; an' shure it's no quack's worruk,
For no figger there lacks worruk, but is superfoine make;
And though they p'r'aps flatther all, yet wid dhresses collatheral,
They all look so nattheral, ye'd swear they would spake!

IV.

For there was Quane Vic-toery, in her power an' glory,
Wid the Prince to the fore—he's the broth of a boy!
And wid plumes in their thresses, and gooldian dhresses,
Were the swate Paresses, all a lookin' so coy.
And there was the Dook, too, and his nose wid the hook to,
And his sharp aigle look, too, a castin' defiance;
And there was Bonyparty, quoite bloomin' and hearty,
In the midst av a party av the Howly Alliance.

V.

There were lawyers that fleece men, and docthers that piece men,
And Bow-street policemen, all nathral and glum;
There was George the Fourth, portly, complaisant, and courtly;
Also, small and shortly, the Gin'ral Tom Thumb.
There was Wesley a prachin', and John Knox a tachin',
And King Charruls a besachin' they'd spare him his wind;
There was Crummell, the thraitor, and the ould Agitator,
And, than honey-dew swater, smoiled Miss Jenny Lind.

VI.

There was Shakspeare by Boyron, wid his quare-cut attoire on,
And nare him, but hoigher on, were Cobden and Bro'om;
And authors, and wroitin'-men, and wharriors, and foightin'-men,
Were there, a dheloightin' men, all rang'd round the room.
But not long I tarries on their jules and caparison,
But meself, then, I carries on to what most pleases me;
And of Tim, then, I borrers a sixpence, and sorrers
That the Chamber of Horrors is an exthra to see.

VII.

But oh! how enthrancin' it was to be glancin'
On the haroes that France in oncst did sich great things,
When they worked gulloteens there, and infernal machines there.
And murthered their Queens there, and loikewoise their Kings!
Shure they were the haroes to settle their Naroes!
And their heads there in gay rows exalted are plac'd,
With murtherers that hacks men, and burglars, and cracksmen,
And gaol-birds, and lax-men, all in illigant taste.

VIII.

There was Tawell the Quaker, and Sikes the housebreaker,
And Misther Greenacre as killed Mrs. Brown;
And oh! 'twould rejoice yer to see bould Courvoisier—
I'll go bail he's the choice yer would make for renown!
There's the great Burke, and Hare, too, wid a phiz ye moight swear to,
And Ned Oxford stood nare to the bad Misther Goode;
There was Rush, murther skilled in, and the farm and hall buildin'
Whare his victims was killed in, all jist as they stood.

IX.

But as soon as I wan in I saw Misthress Manning,
Wid a beautiful fan in her lily-whoite hand;
She'd a flower her bhreast in, and looked so intherestin',
And in fine lace was dhrest in, like the best in the land.
There she looked in each fatur sich an illigant cratur,
"Murther's clane 'gin her natur'!" said the gurls in the room
And wid big tears uproisin' their swate little 'ocies in,
They was all sympathoisin', and mournin' her doom

X.

And there, 'pon me honour, stood her husband upon her
Roight hand, whoile O'Connor had his face tuck in clay;
And warn't it bawitchin' for to see the kitchen,
And the hole that they pitch in the corrupse as it lay!
"Troth!" ses I, "what a fool, now, was me cousin O'Toole now!
If he'd bin to this school now, he'd had more brains in his head;
And I dare bet a wager, 'stead of shootin' the guager,
He'd have murthered a Major in this land instead.

XI.

"For here the poor crátur that's hanged has aitch fatur
All modell'd from natur, wid his very attoire;
While all the nobility, loikewoise the gentility,
A scornin' scurrility, crowd in scores to admoire!
"So," ses I to friend Tim, then, "I'll not be like him, then;
But when I takes sich a whim, then, I'll do 't here in this cloime;
For, I argufoies fairly, it is *here* very clarely
That they loves murther darely, and appraciates croime."

THE GREEK SLAVE,

BY HER APPEARANCE IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE, VINDICATES AMERICA.

'Tis false, that in that show of ours
America show'd not her powers;
For, in the Crystal Palace nave,
She show'd her Powers by—a Slave.

FORCE OF HABIT.

Mr. Stumps, the celebrated Cricketer of the Zingari Club, was dining at a house where the children were brought down to dessert, and was requested by Mamma to roll an orange down the table, for Master Jackey. Mr. Stumps "delivered" the orange with such address, that it bowled over the claret jug standing at the end of the table between the port and sherry, and flooded Papa's legs with the wine. Instead of apologising for his mishap, Mr. Stumps, in the height of his cricketing enthusiasm, and with characteristic *sang froid*, called out "How's that, umpire?"

MOTLEY MUSINGS FOR THE MAIDS AND THE MARRIED.

TEA and scandal occupy so great a portion of the time of certain maiden ladies, that I am inclined to think the chief *trait* in their character is the tea-tray.

Matrimony is so often made merchandise of, that it would seem as if people regarded property as the proper tie of marriage.

I feel sorry for an illiterate bride and bridegroom who have to put "their mark" in the parish register, for it seems ominous that their wedded life should begin with crosses.

When a certain gentleman tells me that he loves a certain beautiful heiress solely for the charms of her purse-on, I only believe half of what he says.

Although some few young ladies might say—as the engine whistle said to the stoker—"Don't touch me, or I'll scream!" yet how few would carry their threat into execution.

A very scrupulous maiden lady of my acquaintance classes the ballet among the in-delicacies of the season.

In the eyes of females, a lawyer's clerk may be considered to appear most captivating when he's engrossing.

Whatever amount of "cooing" there may be in your honeymoon, you may rest assured of having a fearful amount of billing.

Imprudent marriages lead to such beggary that they not only begin, but often terminate, in the union.

It seems a paradox to say so, but when a young lady wishes to bring her engagement to an end, it is usually a circular termination that she sighs for.

I know an artist who possesses "a model of a wife," who is cleverer in the art than her husband, for she can even make the teapot draw.

Young couples occasionally discover that honeymoon bliss turns out to be mere moonshine.

The stays would be the part of a lady's dress that could best assist her in distress, for they would help her at a pinch.

When young ladies have arrived at that interesting period of their existence when there's nothing to them in life half so sweet as love's young dream, it is a common practice to anoint themselves for the sacrifice by smearing their heads with Rowlands' Macassar. I presume that they pour on the oil for the purpose of feeding the flame of their passion.

I wonder if any American lady could tell me the difference between Buddhism and Bloomerism.

THE FINE OLD STANDARD TRAGEDY.

I'll sing you a fine new song, though its subject's out of date,
Of a fine old standard tragedy, that was once pronounced first-rate,
To which our great-great-grandmothers would go in all their state,
And drag their time out drearily, for 'twas "legitimate,"
Was this fine old standard tragedy, all of the olden time.

This play so old was writ throughout in blank verse 'stead of prose,
And in blank terms the characters detailed their loves and woes;
And there the audience sat it out, or took a quiet doze,
And roused themselves up vig'rously to see the dismal close
Of this fine old standard tragedy, all of the olden time.

When winter brought the theatres that open'd house to all,
Although one score and ten its scenes, through each they yet would bawl;
Nor was the slightest interest e'er given to enthral,
And, until five dull acts were o'er, the curtain would not fall
On this fine old standard tragedy, all of the olden time.

But better taste must come at last, and *such* plays be put by,
And empty houses soon proclaimed this tragedy must die;
They gave it up right grudgingly, and not without a sigh,
And found they must at last look round for sterling novelty,
Instead of standard tragedies, all of the olden time.

And surely this is better far when managers are made
To shelve these tragedies that have of interest not a shade;
And much more economical—for actors then are paid—
Exchequers filled, and houses cramm'd, to see the dramas play'd
In place of standard tragedies, all of the olden time.

THE GREAT DINNER-BELL NUISANCE.

"With a discordant, universal yell,
Like house-dogs howling at a dinner-bell."

J. Hookham Frere's "Whistlecraft."

I RESIDE at Somerford, a romantic village, which, according to the last census returns, numbers three hundred and forty-seven inhabitants. To this total my right-hand neighbour, Watkins Brown, Esq., of Somerford Villa, contributes six, in the persons of himself—his wife—Betsy, the cook—Mary, the housemaid—Buttons, the page and small footman—and Thomas, the groom, gardener, and generally-useful-out-of-doors man.

Brown was once a lawyer with a very capital practice; but, when he made that lucky railway speculation which brought him in so much money, he determined, as he had no children to provide for, that he would retire from his profession, and seek an *otium cum dignitate* life as a private country gentleman. Just at that time the pretty, compact little bit of property adjoining mine happened to be for sale, and, as it was just the thing that Brown was in search of, he purchased it, and built on it a comfortable sort of house in the Italian style, and called it "Somerford Villa." He has a miniature conservatory, a small walled fruit-garden, a diminutive shrubbery, tiny paddocks, young flower-gardens, and a baby court-yard; and he lives a very easy-going, do-nothing country life, giving the proper number of heavy dinners, and awing into submission refractory paupers at the weekly board-meetings. He is a very good neighbour, and is perfectly harmless and inoffensive—save in one particular.

And, as this is not only annoying to me in particular, but absurdly obtrusive in its general application, I here record my grievance, with the conviction that I shall find many to sympathise with my case.

Inoffensive as Brown appears, he keeps in his house an instrument of terror that tortures the ears of all who come within its range. Three times a-day Buttons rings an immense bell; the first time at one o'clock, the second time at six, and the third time at half-past six.

Now, *why* does Buttons do this? Is it to echo back the sound that comes at the same times from Sir Marmaduke Hamilton's, of Somerford Hall, and to impress upon people the idea that Brown and Sir Marmaduke are the only pair of gentlemen in the neighbourhood? Is it because Brown is anxious to let us

know that he is a fashionable man, and dines at fashionable hours, and is not to be confounded with the vulgar two-o'clock dinner villagers? Or is it to make known to the remaining three hundred and forty-one inhabitants that he and Mrs. Brown are having luncheon, or dressing for dinner, or partaking of that repast? I don't know what else it can be for.

It can't be to let Brown and his wife know that luncheon or dinner is ready, for in nine cases out of ten they are in the room when the cloth is laid; and it can't be to let his visitors know, for he seldom has any, and the infernal machine is made use of at all times. And even if he *has* visitors, his pleasure-grounds are not so outrageously extensive but that Buttons' voice would be equally as effectual to convey to the visitors the necessary information. Then, *why* does Brown lay himself open to the charge of three times a-day allowing a gratuitous nuisance, and an act of egregious folly, to be committed on his premises?

For instance; as the "Villa" is not a mansion, Brown is obliged to make his brown study of the dining-room, and he has his writing-table up against the window. Buttons sees him there at six o'clock as usual, finishing his letters for the post; and Buttons, having seen him there, forthwith goes out of doors and rings a bell—first in the baby court-yard, at the east end of the house, which is towards the village, and then by the door of the miniature conservatory, which is at the west end, towards the Hall.

Now, *why* does Buttons do this? If he is of opinion that his master is not aware it is time to dress for dinner, why doesn't he tell him so at once, in a sensible, Christian manner, when he is in the room, instead of using such an absurd system of information as going out of the house and ringing a bell? However, by half-past six o'clock Brown and his wife are in the drawing-room, and Buttons, seeing them there, and having the evidence of his senses that they are about to proceed to the dining-room, rushes frantically to the baby court-yard, and from thence to the door of the miniature conservatory, and repeats the offence he had committed half an hour before.

Now, again I ask, *why* does Buttons do this? If the nuisance spread no further than Brown's own premises, well and good—I would be the last person to mention or object to it; but when it grows into a parish disturbance, then it is a subject that becomes a public grievance, and, as such, is public property. For, this is the sequence of events that arises from Brown's great dinner-bell nuisance.

In the baby court-yard there are two dogs chained up, and two

other, sporting dogs, in a model of a kennel; for when Brown

came to settle here as a country gentleman, he considered that something in the sporting line was necessary to sustain the character, and, as he was fully aware that if he followed the hounds he should tumble off at the first fence, he set up his dogs and his gun; and he keeps up the farce by occasionally plodding through stubble fields, and now and then (by accident) bringing down a bird. Well! Buttons appears in the presence of the dogs with his great bell, and the sensible brutes, conscious of the pain they are about to endure, immediately set up a howl of quadrupled agony, to which the bell tolls its awful accompaniment—as in that terrible scene in the "Huguenots."

I also keep a yard-dog and two terriers, and as soon as they hear the noise they take up the cause of their fellow-sufferers, and howl in sympathy. This sets off the dog at Somerford Cottage, who, in his turn, incites the butcher's dog, who, in his turn, gives the key-note to the keeper's dogs; and all the curs of

the village join in the prolonged yell, until a stranger would imagine it must be the village of Barking.

And all this because Brown and his wife are ready for their dinner!

Now, why does Brown allow Buttons to make himself the ringleader of such a disturbance, and cause poor consumptive Miss Pitts to groan, and gouty old Gobble to swear? Why doesn't he go and change his clothes in quietness and peace? *We* don't care to know that he is going to sit down to his leg of mutton; and if Buttons' bell is not intended to let us know this, or to convey to Sir Marmaduke the information that the village contains an equally great and fashionable man as himself, what then *is* it for? Why does Buttons do it? Why on earth does Brown sanction it?

It is a very different thing at the Hall. Sir Marmaduke has not only a large family, but generally a house-full of visitors to boot. His park and gardens are wooded and extensive, and not to be compared with Brown's little plot of ground; and when, from the old Elizabethan turret,

"The tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell,"

rings out its dress warning, you may see the guests come wandering in from all quarters, from the gay party that have been so merry up at the old Abbey ruins to the equestrian belle and her cavalier cantering across the park, and the solitary, lounging couple who have found such attractions in the conservatory.

In such a case as this the dinner-bell is absolutely requisite; but, so long as people who are situated like my neighbour Brown are guilty of such obtrusive folly, so long shall I consider the dinner-bell in the light of a great social nuisance.

EPIGRAM,

BY A GENTLEMAN UNDER SENTENCE OF TRANSPORTATION TO THE LAND OF GOLD.

The wealthy party which have got me lagged,
Continivally of his rowdy bragg'd;
But, ven I heas'd him of a bit of gold,
The Bobbies come and clapp'd me in the hold.
Vell, vot o' that? the gold there vere I'm sent,
'Ull make me wealthier than that ere gent.
In course, then, I are thankful to the nation,
For guvvin' me this sev'n years' transportation.

FRAGMENTS

FROM A DRAMA OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

Scene the First. The unpronounceable (with a cold) complaint.

A Boudoir.—HELEN *discovered reclining on a couch, à l' invalide, her handkerchief in one hand, a book on Arctic Voyages in the other. Enter* FANNY.

FANNY. Good morning, Helen! Why, dear, you seem as though you had a bad cold in your head.

HELEN (*reproachfully*). A cold il by head, ildeed! Oh! lo, Fally! I lever have such cobbol cobblailts. Bile's a severe brolchial affecshul; al old Bister Stephuls, the surjul, says, that if the ilflabbatory acshul which has beel goil ol il by tracheal al larylgeal regiols is lot sool subdued, by dear little brolchi will be ilflabed!

FANNY (*sympathisingly*). Oh, dear! how very sad. Then it isn't a common cold?

HELEN (*decisively*). Oh! lo, darlil! it's brolchitis!

Scene the Second. The unpronounceable mania.

The Drawing-Room of MRS. BROWN JONES, *Cavendish Square.*

[MISS SMITH (*R.*), MISS BROWN (*R. C.*), MISS JONES (*L.*), *and* MISS ROBINSON (*L. C.*), *are discovered bonnetted and shawled, as though for a morning-call, while* MISS BROWN JONES (*C.*) *exhibits to them a glass vase in which she has pasted flowers, cockatoos, and Watteau shepherds and shepherdesses, and has painted the inside of the glass with blue.*]

MISS BROWN JONES (*triumphantly*). There! there is my first attempt in this new art of—Pottychomania—if that's the way to pronounce it.

MISS SMITH (*diffidently*). I don't think it is, dear! because Mrs. Harley Baker does it, and *she* calls it Potty-choe-many.

MISS BROWN (*suggestively*). Yes, dear! but then, the Hon ourable Miss Hyems—Lord Wynterly's daughter, you know—she does it, and *she* calls it Po-tish-omany.

Miss Jones (*argumentatively*). Ah, love! but Lady Southdown does it, and *she* calls it Poe-tick-omany.

Miss Brown Jones (*doubtfully*). Well, I don't know; but the people in the shop where I buy my *potiches, they* called it Po-teek-omany; but then, you know, there's no trusting to the pronunciation of these tradesmen; though (*with a sudden pang of conscience in favour of the shopkeepers*), to be sure, they *may*, you know, have learned the right names from the French people who sell them the things; but then (*with a relapse of conscience in favour of the aristocracy*) I *was* told by Miss Smithson, who heard it from Miss Thompson, who was at a party at Mrs. Johnston's, where the subject was mentioned, that the Countess of Crumplehorn has taken it up—and, indeed (*parenthetically*), has furnished her boudoir at Jackbuilt House with vases of her own making, which are——

Miss Smith (*anxious to bring* Miss Brown Jones *to the point*). And what does the Countess call it, dear?

Miss Brown Jones (*with great presence of mind*). Oh! why *she* calls it Potty-chom-any; and (*with feminine logic*), as she moves in the highest circles, of course her pronunciation must be the correct one.

Miss Robinson (*who has reserved all her strength for a crowning victory*). Ah, darling! but I know—for a fact (*with the emphasis befitting so important an announcement*)—that the Duchess of Ditchwater practises the art, and that *she* calls it Potty-shinnomany!

(*The several pronunciations of "Poticomanie," or "Potichinomanie," &c., having thus been taken through the various grades of society, they are considered to have reached the culminating point of correctness in the pronunciation of the Duchess, which is therefore adopted.*)

WANTED!

For a Museum.—The horns of a dilemma; the teeth of a storm; a fragment from the brink of destruction; one of the hinges of fate; the tool of a party; buttons from the dress of the page of history.

By the Shakspeare Society.—The Signet of the Swan of Avon.

SHAKSPEARE EMENDATIONS.

The Shakspeare "purists"—who appear to be those respectable old ladies and gentlemen whose knowledge of the great dramatist's works is derived from such purely prepared editions as that of Bowdler—cannot even now be said to have recovered from the state of nervous agitation into which they were thrown by the publication of an old folio copy of Shakspeare's works, filled with new readings and corrections of passages which had hitherto been obscured. This folio fell into the hands of Mr. Collier, who, in publishing it, may be said to have "carried coals to Newcastle;" for many of the readings and corrections were by no means wanted, and have only added fuel to the flame that was already raging in the breasts of Shakspeare commentators. The critics of our great poet *correct* Shakspeare much after the fashion of the schoolmaster who flogs the scapegrace pupil, and, between every cut, administers to him a homily. The active performer in this duet calls his work a *correction;* the passive agent, probably, deems it to be *mangling.*

But, notwithstanding the labours of Mr. Collier and his fellow-commentators (some of them *very* common), old and modern, there are a few inaccuracies which have crept into the original text of Shakspeare's plays, and which are still permitted to remain there. They only require to be pointed out, and their correction in all future editions will follow as a matter of course.

Take one example in "Macbeth." In the well-known opening scene of "an open place; thunder and lightning," the three witches are represented as observing that—

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair."

Now, this is manifest nonsense, even from the lips of elderly females, who are generally supposed to witch the world with noble horsemanship on a broomstick. The evident reading is—

"Fare is fowl, and fowl is fare!"

that is, that the old ladies were about to partake of a chicken for their dinner; "Paddock" probably being the name of the domestic who summoned them to their banquet. How easily do difficulties vanish before the light of true intelligence!

In Shakspeare's other greatest play, "Hamlet," there is also an emendation which is so palpably required that, for the omission thereof in Mr. Collier's edition, we feel inclined (in vulgar parlance) to haul that gentleman over the coals. It will be re-

membered that when Hamlet, contrary to all youthful custom, has made a virtue of necessity in remaining at home, and not "going back to school in Wittenberg," his uncle, the king, observes—

> "This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
> Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
> No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
> But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell."
> —Act I., Scene 2.

Now, Shakspeare would never have been guilty of such an anachronism as to make the king talk about cannon between 300 and 400 years before they were invented. The "gentle Will" may have had a gentle will of his own; but it would scarcely have led him to ordain that ordnance should unnecessarily be introduced into his piece, which would have gone off quite as well without this cannon aid. No! the evident reading is, "great canon;" that is, one of the great guns of the Church, who was attached to the court, and would (after the fashion of Messrs. Harker and Toole) proclaim the toasts at the banquet. The custom is again referred to in the second scene of the fifth act. It is to be presumed that this canon would go off after the banquet.

But, talking of canons and cannons, it seems—according to the present editions of Shakspeare—that Antony and Cleopatra were in the habit of making for themselves "cannons" of a very different description.

> "Let us to billiards!"—(Act ii., Scene 5.)

cries "the Serpent of Old Nile," in her fit of *ennui* at the absence of her "man of men." But we expect that here it was "ex nihilo, *Nile fit*," and that the serpent of old Nile's fit was all about nothing; for how could she play at a game that was unknown, and make "cannons" on a board of green cloth that was not invented? And echo (very properly) answers that the idea is absurd, and that these cannons ought to put the Shakspeare commentators on their mettle.

HOW TO MARRY A DECEASED WIFE'S (VACCINATED) SISTER.

"Marriage with a deceased wife's sister is not illegal in Denmark, as it is (at present) in England; and, as the scandal of a Gretna Green marriage would ill befit the gravity of a widower, he has nothing to do but to take over his late wife's sister to Denmark, and there be married. The journey can be easily accomplished by means of the line of steamers which have commenced running between Lowestoft and Hjerting, and the short voyage may agreeably form the honeymoon trip. But we would warn all intending votaries of the Danish Hymen that, according to the law of the country, certificates of vaccination are required to be produced before the marriage ceremony can be performed; and, if the parties are not provided with them, they will have to undergo the unromantic operation as the prelude to the Danish marriage service."—*Newspaper paragraph* (1854).

I.

HE waves for thirty hours have toss'd
the steamer with effront'ry,
In a most unpleasant manner, ere she
reaches Denmark's country;
And they who last night Lowestoft left,
to cross the German Ocean,
Look pale and sad, like men who've had
to go through much emotion.

II.

But Hjerting's new-made port is gained
at last—oh! what a blessing!
And passengers mourn luggage lost, in
language most distressing;
And custom-house officials in their manners grow obtrusive,
And touters roar from off the shore, and porters wax abusive.

III.

But 'mid that line of passengers that now to Hjerting stretches,
Why should there two from out the rest steal off like guilty wretches?
Why should that little man drag off that maiden tall and slender,
As though he saw that 'gainst the law he'd been a dire offender?

IV.

Ah! why indeed? but well he knew the law his hopes had blighted,
For to his late wife's sister no man might be united;
And as it chanced that Mr. Smith such sister wish'd to marry,
He pooh'd and pish'd, and 'voutly wished the law was at Old Harry.

V.

He *might* have meant Old Harry Bro'om, whose law-dable endeavours
Could p'r'aps reform the law that now so many a union severs.
And so, to triumph o'er that law, and scorn for it to *then* mark,
He said, "My dear, from Lowestoft pier, we'll cross the sea to Denmark;

VI.

"And there we'll wed; nor scandal cause, to Gretna by eloping—
Though, in truth, these Denmark steamers are with Gretna Green now coping."
So, as they would not married be at Gretna by the blacksmith,
The tall Miss Brown to Hjerting's town was brought by Mr. Jack Smith.

VII.

And towards the priest's house walking now, wrapt up in dreams elysian,
Short Mr. Smith is visible unto the naked vision;
Though (like all bridegrooms) he appears what boys call "rather sappy,"
The tall Miss Brown, in satin gown, looks most supremely happy.

VIII.

The priest's at home! "Most fortunate!" Miss Brown says. All is ready—
They wait to hear the priest begin the service, but, instead, he
Exclaims with solemn form, to their disgust and consternation,
"Ere I begin, you must hand in your proofs of vaccination."

IX.

"Of vaccination!" both cried out; said Smith, "I've got the ring, sir,
And here's my bride—so don't talk stuff, but read the proper thing, sir!"
Yet this was all the priest vouchsafed, to poor Smith's indignation,
"I *can't* begin till you hand in your proofs of vaccination!"

X.

"Pooh! pooh!" said Smith; "it's quite absurd!" Miss Brown said "'twas ridic'lous!"
"An ill-timed joke," said Smith, "with which you wish, good sir, to tickle us;
We're both quite sound in wind and limb, if that was what, old cock, you meant."
The priest replied, "*You'll* get no bride until *I* get the document!

XI.

"The law requires it." "Blow the law! it's always interfering!
'Twas so in England, and 'tis so in this land that we're here in.
We've both been vaccinated—we'll declare through thin and thick it's
True what we say, but in that day they didn't give us tickets."

XII.

Then said the priest, "You must then, sir, repeat the vaccination:
Hard by there lives a leech who will perform the operation.
And, surely, in that valued state of wedlock, 'twill enhance its
Worth not a bit to know that it could stand the test of lancets!"

XIII.

Then Mr. Smith he thought it best his angry thoughts to smother,
When tall Miss Brown with pathos cried, "Let's bleed for one another!"
The leech was brought; she bared her arm; with pride Smith did
behold her;
And soon the fleam, with rapid gleam, thrice prick'd her snowy
shoulder.

XIV.

"Will you love me then as now?" she cried; "now while your love
lies bleeding?"
"Dearest, then I'll love thee more!" cried Smith, with gallantry and
breeding.
So he was vaccinated too, and got the right certificate;
Then gaily said, "*Now* let's be wed! through the service in a jiffey
get!"

XV.

And thus he married tall Miss Brown, and then and there he kiss'd her,
And cried with joy, "I've done the law, and wed my late wife's sister!"

MORAL.

But if you wish to do this, and within the Danish nation,
Ere you go there you'd best prepare your *proofs of vaccination!*

EPIGRAM.

ON A YOUNG LADY WITH HER ARM IN A SLING.

When David great Goliath down would bring,
His only weapon was a simple sling:
When Delia seeks fresh captives to enthrall,
She slings her hand, and down the victims fall.

A HOWL FROM A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

Air—"*I'm a broken-hearted Gardener.*"

I'm a hippish Hippopotamus, and don't know what to do,
For the public is inconstant, and a fickle one too ;
It smiled once upon me, and now I 'm quite forgot,
Neglected in my bath, and left to go to pot.
And it 's oh ! oh ! out of joint is my nose;
It 's a nasty Ant-eater to whom every one goes.

He is my abhorrence, I think him quite a hum,
He 's worse than that Marine Vi-va-ri-um ;
He beats the Knowsley beastesses of the Derby dilly,
And makes the baby Elephant look small and silly.
And it 's oh ! oh ! pity my woes !
The American Ant-eater has put out my nose.

I stood against the novelties—I didn't care at all
When the Frenchmen my existence were unable to recall;
I knew it was all jealousy, and I too great a fact
To be rendered a nonentity by any Mossoo's act.
But it 's oh ! oh ! the English me depose,
And with the great Ant-eater have put out my nose.

He is but an Edentate, while I'm a Pachyderm ;
He has got a shaggy hide, while mine is smooth and firm ;
He can't tell how to walk, and he don't know how to swim,
And yet the public overboard have thrown me for *him!*
And it 's oh ! oh ! to think that my foes
Should get a great Ant-eater to put out my nose.

He has scarcely got a mouth, and no teeth,—but, in their stead,
A yard or two of tongue in his elongated head ;
And why the fickle public should delight in such a beast,
Is a mystery that I cannot understand the least.
And it 's oh ! oh ! would any one suppose
An Ant-eater could ever out of joint put my nose ?

I was growing up in Hippohood, the visitors to please,
And cutting my incisors, and increasing by degrees ;
And my milk-and-carrot diet I was quickly throwing by—
And now they have compelled me to eat humble pie.
And it 's oh ! oh ! what a thing I do disclose !
The American Ant-eater out of joint 's put my nose.

I 'd like my sharpest grinders in that Ant-eater to stick,
And leave his bushy tail for the dicky-birds to pick ;
I 'd just like to show him that *I* 've got teeth to use,
That can crunch him into nothing whenever I *chews.*
And it's oh ! oh ! that I could come to blows
With this beast that's so completely out of joint put my nose !

Or I wish that I could make myself a Fellow, d'ye see,
Of this Zoological So-ci-e-ty ;
For then I 'd send this Ant-eater back to his ants,
Or to my French rival in the *Jardin des* Plantes.
But it 's oh ! no go ; there's no end to my woes ;
The American Ant-eater out of joint's put my nose !

Signed HIPPO X his mark.
Countersigned SADI,
Knight of the Bath, and Groom of the Chambers.

Given at my house in the Zoological Gardens
of London, this 15th day of October, 1853.

*** I accompanied the above lines (in *Punch*) with a fancy portrait of the Great American Ant-eater, the then novelty in the Zoological Gardens. The sketch (of which I have here given a copy) is thus referred to by Mr. Broderip, the distinguished author of *Zoological Recreations*:—"Occasionally there is a sly, knowing look about the eye, which *Punch* has admirably hit off in his portrait with the jaunty Jonathan hat on, as it plies its tongue among the industrious niggers."—*Fraser's Magazine*, for Feb., 1851.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES!

As admirers of the female sex, we not only are naturally solicitous as to their charms, and graces of intellect and manner, but we are also particularly attentive to those other charms and graces that are dependent upon dress and decoration. We are, if we may so express it, the close observers of the outward man of woman. We note the fascinations of form, even through the shrouding drapery of Cashmere shawl and velvet mantle, and we take a pleasure in seeing that drapery shaped in as elegant and becoming a fashion as the figure it enwraps.

If there is a time when we admire the combinations of Nature and Art more thoroughly than at any other time, it is when our eyes are indulged with the sight of a well-dressed, beautiful woman. So much the better if there be

> "A sweet disorder in the dress,
> A happy kind of carelessness;"

for this sweet neglect—this studied disorder—this arranged disarrangement—when carried out by tasteful hands, adds considerably to the picturesqueness of female costume, and is especially grateful to the artistic eye. These things—as with the lyrical Herrick—

> "Do more bewitch us, than when Art
> Is too precise in every part."

And yet we would not be sticklers for that neat simplicity that rare Ben Jonson loved to look upon. Dame Nature puts on dresses of all kinds—simple, grand, full, rich, picturesque, graceful, and gorgeous; and so we like to see woman in alternations of dress, and not everlastingly condemned to the "neat simplicity" of the Quaker and Bright school. We prefer to see her appearing in every diversity of costume; now winning our admiration by a simple rusticity of dress; now pleasing us by the "loose neglect" of the "tempestuous petticoat," and the "robes loosely flowing, hair as free;" now fascinating us with the witcheries of fashion; and now startling us into admiration by assuming a sumptuousness of apparel, whose splendour and magnificence have been duly controlled by the hand of taste.

We say, that we don't always care about ultra-simplicity. When we bow down to our idol, we occasionally like to see it hung around with costly gifts, and satins, and velvets, and Tyrian dyes, and precious stones. Nay, sometimes we can admire it in a costume *de cour de présentation*, with its *bouillonés de tulle*, its *bretelles berthe garnie de blond et ruban nuances assorti*, with its *parure* of flowers, and lappets, and nodding ostrich plumes.

Admirers, then, as we are, not only of the ladies, but of the dresses that cover them, how gratified must we feel when we see their articles of attire not only made elaborately ornamental, but, at the same time, raised to a high degree of usefulness in the scale of created apparel. And the judicious combination of these two qualities of use and beauty, is especially noticeable in some of those new spring fashions with which we have been favoured by our gallant Allies.

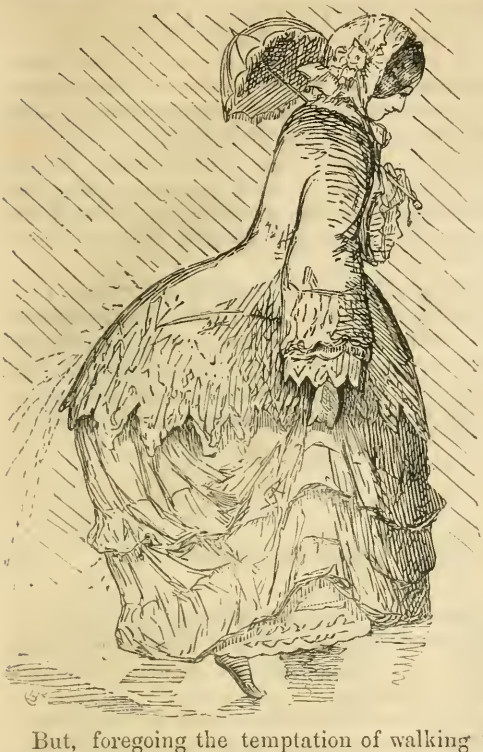
For example: on a certain day, in the second week of this past merry month of May, 1855, we were walking in Hyde Park, wondering at the cold winds, and the late season, and the extravaganzas of the poets who describe the merriness of the month, and the "ethereal mildness" of Thomson, who could talk of "*gentle* spring"—and we were thinking how much nearer the mark Hood was, when he described the breezes of spring as resembling the blows of Spring the fighter—and we had just, with great applause, recited to ourselves the verses wherein he says—

> "What wonder if in May itself I lack
> A peg for laudatory verse to hang on?—
> Spring mild and gentle?—yes, as Spring-heeled Jack
> To those he sprang on!
> In short, whatever panegyrics lie
> In fulsome odes too many to be cited,
> The tenderness of spring is all my eye,
> And that is blighted!"

We had just recited these lines, when there met us a fair pedestrian most gracefully clad in a light silk dress, over which was a *paletot-à-pointe*, trimmed with Chantilly lace.

And how did we know that this upper covering was a *paletot-à-pointe?* Dear, but inquisitive reader—we had seen its picture, and we recognised the likeness. The *Illustrated News* of the previous Saturday had placed before our wondering eyes, in its French engravings of the Paris fashions, the full-length profile of an interesting female dressed in one of those very *paletots*. And, as we looked at the sketch, we wondered at the amazing fulness given to a certain part of the figure, and the consequent projection, in that quarter, of the *paletot-à-pointe*. On referring to the letter-press, with the hope that it might throw some light on this mysterious artificial extension of figure, we also discovered that the interesting female was decked, like Dinah, "in gorgeous array," with *quadrilles de voleurs* (it did not say how many sets there were of these quadrilles), *robe corbeille de Flore, gros des Indes*, &c., &c.

So that, as we had obtained this peculiarly-interesting information, we might (if it had not been for the fear we felt lest we should assign the *quadrilles* and the other things to the wrong positions, and thus have evoked the wrath of Mr. Layard and those who delight to put the right things in the right places)—we might have introduced these observations, and the young lady, in the dress-descriptive style in which the heroes and heroines of Mr. James's novels and Madame Tussaud's collection are brought before the public.



But, foregoing the temptation of walking through the above *quadrilles* in the company of the interesting female, and also abstaining from the satisfaction of penning the highly original Jacobæan remark, that "On a sunny afternoon in the month of May, a graceful female figure might have been discerned," &c., &c., we will make a desperate and strong-minded return to the statement we have before made, that the fair pedestrian was clad in a garment which we recognised as a *paletot-à-pointe*.

While we were admiring this garment in its backward point of view—for we had turned in our walk, and were following on the *paletot*-wearer's footsteps—and while we were wondering at the artificial extension previously hinted at, there came on one of those sudden storms that had evidently been postponed from the previous month. "This will be ruinous," we thought, as we

buttoned our coat and turned up its collar; "this will be ruinous to that bright silk dress—at least, if what the poet says is true, that 'bright things can never *dye*, e'en though they fade!'"

The young lady had put up her parasol; but it was evident that its small proportions could barely protect her diminutive bonnet. We had no umbrella to present to her, and could only look on at the destruction we were unable to prevent.

Destruction, said we? Nay, there was no destruction. It was then that we discovered the use of that projecting *paletot-à-pointe:* it answered the purpose that the weather-boards do on picturesque old houses,—the rain streamed off it, and the dress below was uninjured.

That very afternoon we went to the Drapery and Shawl Emporium of Messrs. Bobbinet and Co., 650-1-2-3-4, Regent-street, and, being bowed into the Shawl and Mantle Department, we there purchased, for a certain young lady, who must be nameless —and who must forgive us for thus chronicling our own generosity—one of those most useful and ornamental *paletots-à-pointe.*

MOTLEY REFLECTIONS.

IT will be to the advantage of all who attend races, if they avoid rooks, —whether in, or out of, pigeon pies.

People who wish to lead peaceable lives, should never go to balls; for we know that hops produce great bitterness.

A dry toast is but poor entertainment; but, when well buttered, it is palatable.

Chimney-sweeping is a dirty trade; yet, if a man takes to it, it is sure to soot him.

The modern Babes of the Wood appear to be those children whose maintenance is provided for by a board.

The chief thing that the vegetarians appear to live on, is gammon and spinach.

It seems odd that, in the game of cricket, any eleven can make a score.

HOW MR. SAMPSON SNUB WENT TO THE DERBY.

I AM not afraid to say, though I dare say I may not be believed, that not a few would have envied Mr. Sampson Snub, the politest of all the polite "young men" in Messrs. Bombazine & Bobbinet's extensive Regent Street Shawl-Emporium, if they had seen him, as I saw him, on one particular evening in January last, when he was assisting Miss Julia Lutestring and other young ladies to keep Christmas in a friend's house, where dancing, forfeits, and kissing under the mistletoe made up some "very pleasant fooling."

For not only did Miss Julia Lutestring accept Mr. Sampson Snub as her partner in ever so many dances, not only did she agree with him in the zoological discovery, that "Pop goes the Weasel," —but she also favoured his marked attentions in such a way, that Miss Penelope Stiff, her aunt (who had never added to her years since they attained thirty-five), came to the conclusion that her niece was not profiting by the Stiff maxims of decorum that had always been laid down for her observance, and was, in fact, going through that species of acrobatic exercise denoted in the Stiff language as "laying herself out for Mr. Sampson." But if this consisted in making herself peculiarly agreeable to her partner, it was nothing more than might be seen any night at Almack's; and if Mr. Sampson's attentions were meant to show that he was desirous of taking Miss Julia for his partner in the mazy dance of life, they were nothing more than the feeble expression of his earnest wish that "Pop goes the Weasel" might lead to "Pop goes the question," and that that question might receive but one answer. So Mr. Sampson Snub and Miss Julia Lutestring were enjoying themselves after the genial

Christmas fashion, and were, as I think, to be envied; for that particular young lady's lips were so red and rosy, and pouted so prettily, and smiled so sweetly, and kept biting and kissing one another in such a provokingly tantalising way, that really, you know, it was impossible—being Christmas, and the mistletoe all convenient—it was really impossible for Mr. Sampson Snub to resist them. And I think you would have thought the same if you had been there.

However, all joys must have an end, and so that pleasant party passed away; and February came with his sleet and snow, and March with his wind and rain, and then April, when we ought to have had a taste of the joys of spring, and Sampson still pursued the even tenor of his way, "draping" shawls by day, and in the evening making himself agreeable on every opportunity to Miss Julia Lutestring; of course, with the sanction and approbation of her uncle and guardian, Mr. Wigspur, one of the most respectable grocers and tea-dealers of which the vicinity of London can boast. For "Pop goes the Weasel" had really ended in the wished-for way, and Julia had answered the Pop with a pretty blush, and a timid, "You must ask my uncle;" and at length the eventful day was fixed on which (as a popular poet observes):—

"Their two young hearts should into one be knit;"

a species of domestic and human crochet-work that may begin very well, but often ends in sad entanglement. Mrs. Wigspur was well skilled in all the mysterious laws that regulate the ebbs and tides of millinery, and she assisted Julia in preparing those multifarious articles which a young bride is supposed to require.

And Julia made a pretty picture, as she sat on the sunny days (which were very few, however) that heralded the sweets of May, framed and glazed at the open windows of her aunt's back-parlour, scented with the perfume of the lilacs in the little garden, working away as though her very being a wife depended upon the event of a certain number of stitches being accomplished in the shortest possible space of time. Well, well, Julia! No wonder your little heart flutters, and your eyes sparkle so brilliantly that your rosy cheeks are flushed to see them, for it is your bridal dress that you are making, and yours would not be the first fond and foolish little heart that had beaten beneath such snowy folds.

But one day,—when little betting-houses begin to be opened by people that look no better than they should be; when energetic railway-directors propose in foot-long rubrics to convey people, at merely nominal charges, by (merely nominal) "pleasure"-trips; when the advertising columns of "Tintinnabulum's Life" are enriched with more than the usual number of offers from gentlemen of disinterested philanthropy, who not only expend time and fortune in mastering the mysteries of the betting-ring, but propose to bestow their knowledge upon any half-crown applicant who sighs for speedy riches; when every sporting prophet will send you a tissue tip that will put you in possession of the actual winners in every forthcoming race; when every other prophet will do the same by sending you totally different names; when everybody else offers to lead you on, my lads, to a glorious victory, "if you keeps dark and remembers what I tell you about potting on No. 8, and I, of course, expects you to fork out liberal with the per centage;" when Fortnum and Mason are hampering people with Strasburg and Perigord pies, and lambs, and lobsters, and spring-chickens, and salads, and hams, and goodness knows what besides; when dusty old coaches are once more dragged into light, and placarded mystically "☞ Epsom;" when Lord John moves that the House, on their rising on Monday, do adjourn to the Thursday, solely because that the 24th of May is the Queen's birthday, and that there is but one notice of motion for the Wednesday, and (of course!) for no other reason; and when the honourable members receive this

announcement with "loud cheers," and, instead of availing themselves of their two days' leisure by dipping into Blue Books, "make up books" of a very different description,—on one day, when all this was going on, Mr. Sampson Snub received a letter from Miss Julia Lutestring.

This was its purport:—"Uncle Wigspur has *concented*—oh, *so* good-naturely—and he will take the pheeayton, and drive Old Ceesir, and aunt, and two large baskets, and you *must* come *erly* to brekfass, and get a *hole* olliday, and a *horse*, because there wont be room *by me* in the pheeayton, and it's on *Wensday*, and uncle says the darby comes off then." And there was a postscript about another event, more interesting to Julia than all the races in the world, which was to come off (or rather on) on the following Wednesday; but then that was in confidence, and we never divulge lovers' secrets. But well might the little heart beat more wildly, and the bright eyes sparkle so brilliantly that the cheeks got hotter than ever, and burned again; well might the little heart beat with expectant love and happiness, as she re-read her letter—especially the P.S.

Sampson obtained the required leave of absence, and anxiously looked for the bright sun that shone on THE day, *par excellence*, of all others in the sporting world—the "Darby." Then is the day when so many thousands are gathered on the course, and so many thousands are, of course, gathered from them; then the feathered pigeons, the carriers of the news, gleam white against the blue sky, and their brethren in a plucked state look up, and groan in spirit; then old gooseberry takes away the character of champagne, and rooks do duty in pies, for pigeons; then, gents. "of a sporting exterior" display, on their buttons, bas-reliefs of exciting scenes, and, in their manner, base imitations of the gentlemen around them; then they "take the veil," but exhibit none of the retiring manners that usually accompany it, probably regarding them as simply convent-ional; then beings in jockey-caps, so great-coated that you can only see the bottoms of their top-boots, appear leading moving masses of horse-cloths, which, at the harlequin-stroke of the saddling-bell, are found to be the running steeds and their gallant riders; then individuals suffering from a wild excitement, endeavour to ascertain if there is any truth in the report that the favourite has been hocussed and fallen lame; then young gentlemen, with incipient moustaches, that betoken them to be "heroes of Waterloo," or any other great house in London, refuse to be comforted with any other list than Dorling's; then mild elderly gentlemen swear freely at discovering an amalgamation of eatables in the overturned

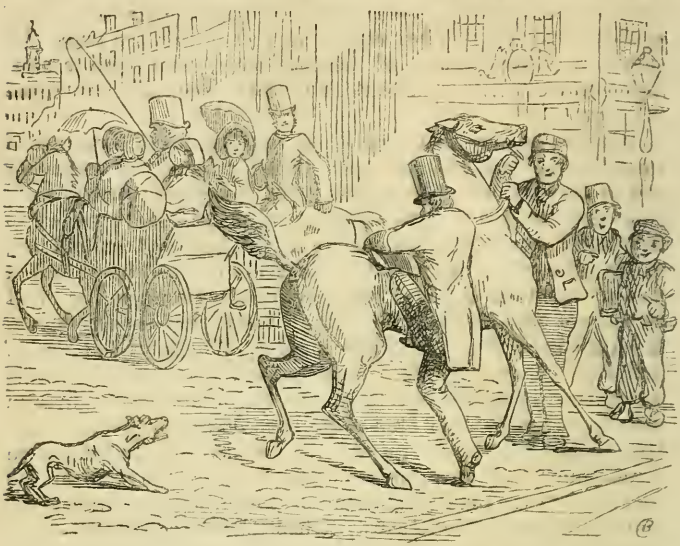
hamper, that was *not* from Fortnum and Mason's; then ginger-beer bottles explode prematurely, and thimble-rigging is produced surreptitiously; then artful Bohemian Girls will tell of marble-halls or any other castles in the air, for the trifle of a sixpence, or the remains of the cold lamb; then there is heat, and dust, and noise, and thirst, and riot; then, in short, is the "Darby."

You may be sure that Julia Lutestring had taken advantage of the glorious weather, and made herself as smart as ingenuity and pretty light summer colours could make her; and when—aunt not being yet come down to breakfast—she bounded to Sampson's side and affectionately kissed him, and he told her, in the pride of his heart, that her beautiful face had never looked half so beautiful as then, you may believe me when I say that he was not very far from the truth. Then what a merry breakfast they had; for, in addition to Mary Wigspur (who was of course to be one of Julia's bridesmaids), there was her most particular friend, Mr. Sprightly, who was a clerk somewhere in the city, and possessed a fund of droll anecdotes and queer sayings. He was going to ride too; and breakfast was not half done when it was announced that his and Sampson's horses were at the door; and by the time the phaeton was also ready, they discovered that it was quite time to start. Then there were the two ample baskets of provisions, which refused to be placed anywhere but just where the legs of the ladies would have to be; then Mrs. Wigspur, with the forethought peculiar to her race, insisted upon taking a supply of umbrellas, "in case it should turn out wet, my dears;" then there was the fixing of Mary Wigspur and Julia in the back seat, which only offered accommodation for one; but these difficulties were soon surmounted, and at length they were prepared to start, and Cæsar's Roman nose proudly sniffed the breeze.

Mr. Sprightly, who was accustomed to horse exercise—occasionally displaying his equestrian performances (tell it not in Belgravia!) in the aristocratic "Ring" and Rotten Row—had mounted his hack, a feat which Mr. Sampson Snub was endeavouring to imitate.

"The hother's the side as genelmen mounts, sir," said the man from the livery stables, as Sampson was essaying to get on his saddle, in a position which, had he succeeded, would inevitably have placed him in the position of the Friar in the old "Gluggity-glug" song, with his face to the crupper. Sampson accordingly, covered with blushes, went round to the other side, but had no sooner put his toe in the stirrup, than the hack,

whose temper was not improved by the time he had had to wait, first reared, and then flung up his hind legs as though he were



going to turn a summerset. The phaeton and Cæsar had been stopped, and Julia was a witness to the distressing scene of her Sampson being danced round on one toe in anything but a romantic manner. Mr. Sprightly, who was gallantly (and safely) riding by her side, laughed and said, that "he footed it like Cherrytoe;" upon which Julia set him down as a monster.

"Mr. Spavin promised," said Sampson to the man from the livery-stable, "that I should have a very quiet horse. Why did he send me such a vicious one?"

"Wicious!" replied the man, in a tone of indignant surprise, "the hanimal's as quiet as a lamb, and as heasy as a harm-cheer. A baby might ride him. He's only excited by the nat'ral saloobriousness o' the mornin'."

One young gentleman, who was a spectator of the scene, suggested that Mr. Sampson Snub should be strapped along the horse's back, and turned loose, "like Mazeffer, as they played at Hastley's;" while other young gentlemen, with the freedom of remark and the gratuitous liberality of advice which so characterise the youth of London, suggested not only that he should hang on by his eyelids, but also that he should, for further safety, get

inside and pull down the blinds. Sampson, however, felt that his honour as a horseman was at stake; and, disregarding these and all other similarly valuable suggestions, he managed at last to seat himself in the saddle, and boldly bade the groom "let go her head." At first the horse seemed to prefer walking on his hind legs in a rampant manner, and assuming other positions that are generally considered to be peculiar to heraldry; but afterwards, becoming more calm and rational, he condescended to go on all-fours, like an ordinary beast—much to the delight of Julia, and no less to the comfort and equanimity of mind of Sampson.

It was a hot, blazing day. The trees and flowers, in the little garden patches, were all thick with the dust that rose in clouds from the road; yet on came shoals of pedestrians, too poor or saving to purchase a ride, toiling along in the heat, laden with baskets and bundles, and old window shutters to make stalls of, trudging on intent solely upon being on the course before their rivals in the trade. Every description of horse and carriage, every variety of vehicle, from the aristocratic drag with its faultless team, down to the unpretending and yet obtrusive donkey-cart; crowd upon crowd, one dense throng, came tearing and rattling along, twisting and twirling in and out, like the horrible animalculæ they kindly show you at the Polytechnic, in the magnified drop of Thames water. Sampson had something to do to keep the nose of his steed close to the back of the phaeton, which Old Cæsar was pulling gallantly on; and, as long as he did, he felt as much at his ease as it was possible to be under such uneasy circumstances.

The Surrey shore was gained and passed; the famous Elephant was left in the rear with his Castle; Newington was successfully achieved; when Kennington-gate, with all its horrors, rose upon Sampson's view. Frightened by the stoppage, and the increased clamour, as well as from a blow in its rear from the pole of a donkey-cart, his horse began to plunge violently, and, swerving round, ran against a pleasure van gaily surmounted by a striped awning, and filled with people.

"Now, stoopid! vere are you a drivin' on?" shouted the proprietor, "a-damagin' of my wan in this 'ere howdacious manner, and a-frightnin' this 'ere noble Countess into fits!"

"My good man," expostulated Sampson, during the intervals of each plunge, "I assure you—I can't help it—you see my situation—oh! hold my horse, or I shall be off."

"And werry likely, too!" replied the man, "and sarve you right, you little counter-skipper, for venturing on a 'oss as

throwed two gents. the other day, who hadn't been taught to ride on a clothes'-oss, as you have, neether."

By this time the horse had curvetted round to the donkey-cart, and, after assuming a few more rampant attitudes, finally flung his rider. Fortunately for Sampson, the awning of the pleasure-van broke his fall, but it also broke *with* his fall, and Sampson (in sight of his agonised Julia) rolled through, and effected a safe, though by no means comfortable landing, on the top of the noble Countess's bonnet, which was of large dimensions, and furnished (in the way of decoration) with a soft bed of cabbage-roses and ivy.

"Now, young man, you *have* done it!" remarked the proprietor of the van.

"Done it! yes! and done for me, too!" ejaculated the noble Countess; "and done for my weddin' bonnet, which I aint wore for years—the willain!" and with that she "scrunched him," as she termed it; which lively pastime consisted in alternately pulling out handfuls of his hair, and scratching him in a way that made Sampson keenly alive to the horrors of Indian scalping; and then the noble Countess, when she had sufficiently amused herself with him, turned him over, head first, to the other mem-

bers of the nobility near her, by whom he was ejected with considerable celerity out of the vehicle.

"It's all serene, sir!" said a young gentleman, who approached Sampson, leading his now quiet horse; "it's all serene, sir! but I cotched the hanimal with great difficulty; howsumever, if you likes to stand five bob more, I'll ride him back to Lunnun for you." For the young gentleman's natural sharpness enabled him at once to perceive that Mr. Sampson Snub was far too frightened at once to trust himself on the outside of a horse. So Sampson, with feelings of silent gratitude, closed with his offer, and directed him where to take the horse.

"You must pay me, too, for the damage you have done my wehicle and hawning," said the proprietor of the pleasure-van; and Sampson, having satisfied his claims, made his way to the phaeton, which was still waiting its turn to pass through the gate, and quieted Julia's fears, by assuring her that he was not in the least hurt by his downfall, but only in a ticklish state about his head, from the noble Countess's treatment. "My day's pleasure is at an end," said Sampson mournfully. "Look at my trousers! It's impossible I can go in them, and by the time I could get to London and back again to Epsom, the races would be over. It 's very provoking that I can't come with you; but I hope, Julia, that you 'll have a pleasanter day than I 've had."

But what must Miss Julia do, in spite of what Sampson or old Wigspur could say, but immediately get out of the phaeton, and declare that she should not go to Epsom at all, but should return with her affianced husband to London! And (women *will* have their way) she actually did so: not caring, bless you, a pin for the races and all the fine company there, and regardless of the endless jokes that were continually hurled, by the passers-by, at Sampson's trousers and forlorn appearance.

At last they reached a little milliner's shop, kept by a little woman known to Julia, who, then and there, stitched up Sampson's rents in the most wonderful and dexterous manner, without once sticking the needle into his leg. Then what a walk they had home! Now threading their way through the crowds that were still pressing on to Epsom, and then leaving the dusty road and walking along quiet streets, that seemed quite solitary wildernesses after the bustling throngs they had just left. And then, when they were tired with walking they got lifts in divers omnibuses, and, in the end, arrived at home quite grand, in a Hansom. And all the time Julia talked on so cheerfully and

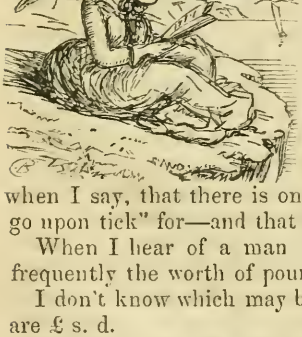
kindly, and so often went through the arrangements that were made for a certain event on the following Wednesday, that Sampson quite forgot his late mishaps, and vowed at night, when old Wigspur and the rest came back tired to death, and dry and dusty as mummies, that he positively felt grateful to the horse for having acted as he had done, and that he had enjoyed himself far more by not going to the Derby, than he had ever expected to have enjoyed himself by going there.

* * * *

The following announcement appeared in the next week's papers.

"MARRIED, on Wednesday the 1st, at St. Crispin's Church, by the Rev. Turtle Dove, M.A., Julia, only child of the late Mr. Lutestring, of Laburnum Cottage, Hackney, to Sampson, eldest son of the late Mr. Snub, of Clapham-rise."

MOTLEY FANCIES.



WHEN King John went into the Wash, he was in no better condition than a basket full of dirty linen.

The most unpopular composition would be a composition with one's creditors.

It was the saying of a fox-hunter,—how many people are there, who, when they meet with "spills," make light of them.

You may ascribe it to my credit when I say, that there is one thing that I should not wish "to go upon tick" for—and that is, tic-douloureux.

When I hear of a man of sterling worth, I think that it is frequently the worth of pounds sterling that is meant.

I don't know which may be *the* letter of the law, but its letters are £ s. d.

I see so many advertisements of pipes and meerschaums, that I begin to think these must be the piping times of peace; or else the aspect of the times is a mere sham.

I should say that the most digestible part of Pimlico would be that part which is Eaten Square.

The English weather seems to affect my accounts, for they are still very unsettled.

DENTAL DANGERS.

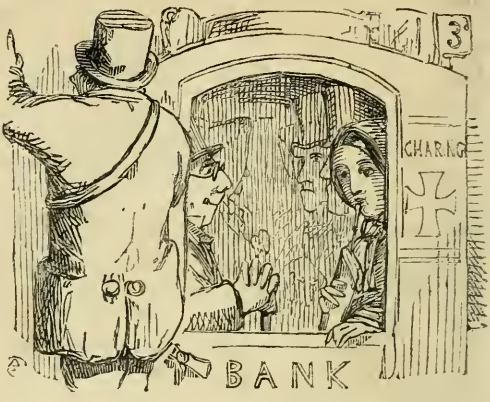
TAKE care of your teeth!

I could not but help giving utterance to this exclamation when I saw my *vis-à-vis* so industriously sucking the handle of her parasol; but my words of warning were lost in the rattle of the omnibus.

I was going to the Bank: so was she, for she told the conductor to set her down there. She had reached that uncertain period of life usually denominated "a certain age;" she was well-dressed, she was handsome, and she had a remarkably fine, regular, white set of teeth. My attention was more particularly directed to them, because their proprietor was continually rapping and rubbing them with the handle of her parasol, which she held to her lips, and industriously sucked after an odious fashion.

Now, the part of the city through which we were journeying was suffering from a severe internal disarrangement of its gas-pipes; and as this happened to be in one of its main arteries, the operation that had to be performed considerably impeded the circulation. Besides this, loose stones and other *débris* were lying about; and the consequence was, that as we drove along we received some unpleasant joltings. When, therefore, I perceived my knee-to-knee *vis-à-vis* so industriously sucking the hard handle of her parasol, I could not but entertain emotions of sorrow that so beautiful a set of teeth should be thus endangered: for it was very evident, that while we were bumping over the stones her parasol was placing her teeth in peril. Seeing this, then, and perceiving the danger of her situation, I could not but help giving utterance to the exclamation, "Take

care of your teeth!" but the rattle of the omnibus prevented her hearing my words. I regret this, for it might have prevented an unpleasant occurrence.



We had not jolted much further, and my *vis-à-vis* was still sucking her parasol handle, when —lurch went the omnibus over a disembowelled paving-stone. We were all thrown against one another, and there was considerable confusion. The omnibus, however, was not overturned; and we soon perceived that we were free from damage—except one!

I leant across to say something to my lady *vis-à-vis*, when, to my great surprise—I might say, horror—I discovered that, in place of those handsome, comely features I had gazed upon the previous minute, the lady's mouth had suddenly fallen in, and had aged her, in appearance, at least a score of years. She looked terribly distressed, and, in reply to my remark, mumbled something perfectly unintelligible. Judge of my astonishment when I discovered that her beautiful set of teeth had vanished, and that she was *toothless;* and endeavour, if you are able, to conceive how my astonishment reached its culminating point when the lady's mumble merged indistinctly into the words, "May I trouble you for my teeth, sir?"

There they were—the entire white, glittering, grinning set—gold apparatus and all—placidly reposing, in all their dental phalanx, in my lap! I have credited the story of Cadmus ever since.

(*An interval of painful reflection is supposed to take place between the paragraphs.*)

After such an agonising adventure as this, can it seem surprising that, when I perceive any fe— (I was about to say "female," but as that appears to be an offensive epithet to apply to a woman, I will alter it to "lady") when, I say, I see a lady sucking the handle of her parasol, is it surprising that invo-

luntarily should rise to my lips the exclamation, "Take care of your teeth"?

For the dental dangers of this odious feminine fashion of sucking parasol-handles is not confined to the riders in omnibuses and carriages, but extends to the trotter down the *trottoir*, to the moony morning-caller, to little Miss who is not remiss in imitating her elders, and to every one, in short, who does her best (or rather her worst) towards damaging her front teeth by everlastingly chafing them with the handle of her parasol. Why do you do it, young ladies? Do you think it coquettish? Is it that the act itself gives you any pleasure? Is it that there is some mysterious Corsican-brother affinity between the ivory of the handle and the ivory of your teeth? Is it to impress upon the minds of dull young men that your lips love a certain amount of pressure? Is it to draw attention to the "Oh! ruddier-than-the-cherry" of your lips by the contrast afforded by the whiteness of the parasol-handle? Is it to convey an idea of "sweets to the sweet" that you thus assume the appearance of a child sucking "goodies"? If it is not for all or any of these reasons, *why* do you suck your parasol-handles?

And Echo—"sweetest nymph!"—most politely departing from her usual mockery of answer, makes me the following reply. A young lady who carries the end of her parasol to her mouth, does so because she does not know what to do with her hands. And—the young ladies who do not know what to do with their hands, are young ladies who are left-handed in manner, deficient in style, awkward, *gauches*.

Thank you, Echo. You are quite correct. I chance to have the pleasure of an intimacy with three young ladies of this description, and—they all suck their parasols. I refer—I need not say that I mention their names in the strictest confidence—I refer to the three Misses Trowel, No. 14, Upper Pantile Street, Hoddington Square.

It is only during these last two years that the square has been favoured with their company. Before taking up their residence in Upper Pantile Street—by the way, Mrs. Dribble, the celebrated novelist of fashionable life, once lived in No. 14—they had resided at a place which old Trowel called "Ackney," which is not to be found in the "Topographical Dictionary," but is believed to be not a hundred miles from the environs of London. But old Trowel did wonderful things with railway-shares; and awoke one morning not only to find himself famous, but also—which was far more gratifying to him—a Crœsus. He contrived (easily enough, Mammon knows) to get returned as the repre-

sentative of the rotten borough of Briberley; and his worthy helpmate at once cut the respectable nobodies with whom she had passed her life, and emigrated with her husband and household "to the west, to the west, to the land of M.P.'s," where she pitched her tent in the *terra incognita* of Tyburnia. Here her money and her husband's political position soon obtained for her a certain, though a very dubious position. Mrs. Trowel was not slow to discover that the worship of the golden calf was still practised in Tyburnia, and that a crowd of idolaters were ready to prostrate themselves before any image that might be set up in No. 14, Upper Pantile Street.

"The girls"—as Mrs. Trowel tersely calls them—have had no end of money expended on their education, no end of masters to force them into accomplishments, no end of dressmakers to robe them in the newest fashions; but, in spite of money, masters, and mantua-makers, the "girls" are not at ease: they are *gauches*, and, as a natural consequence (in my eyes), they all suck their parasols.

The poor Misses Trowel! I feel really and truly sorry for them. It is quite miserable to meet them in society: they court it, and yet their inferiority, and their inaptitude for its manners and customs, must always make them feel terribly bored. Old Trowel, under the tuition of his wife, ever since he got into the House, worked industriously at Lord Buttonhole—whenever he met that noble Earl at the house of his political friends—to get "the girls" inside Brummagen House (Lord Buttonhole's town residence), Mrs. Trowel having, as I firmly believe, maternal and matrimonial designs against his lordship's youngest son, the Hon. Flexible Shanks. Well, little Lord Buttonhole withstood the worrying for more than a twelvemonth, and then gave in; and Lady Buttonhole sent "the girls" a note for one of her evenings.

I met them there; being, indeed, squeezed against them on the first landing, where they were looking desolate in the midst of a crowd, and had been hopelessly stranded among some orange plants. I benevolently struggled in their behalf, and, piloting them upstairs, heard their names shouted out in the proper quarter. Poor girls! their milliner had done all she could for them, but she could do no more—she could only dress up *gaucherie*, she could not remove it. There they were—not knowing what to do with themselves—altogether deficient in *savoir faire*—nothing *posée* about their manner—none of that quiet bearing which ever distinguishes the lady—their every movement seeming to indicate a consciousness of being observed

or quizzed for not doing what they ought to do, and evidently feeling dreadfully in want of their parasols, the which to suck, and thus give employment to those unfortunate hands and arms which it was their hapless lot to bear, and not know what to do with.

And yet Mrs. Trowel fills herself up with the bull-frog idea that her money brings her very near to the social dimensions of that illustrious ox, my Lord Buttonhole; and that his noble son, Mr. Flexible Shanks, will do very well for either Sarah Jane or Matilda Betsy! (not, by the way, that the young ladies call themselves by those plebeian Christian names given them by vulgar godfathers and godmothers in the rude 'Ackney times: no, they Frenchify and abbreviate them in the most ingenious way, and really make them look quite pretty).

But, to see the Misses Trowel in full perfection, you should meet them somewhere where they are making a morning call. You will be sure to find their three parasols in full suck. Relentless fashion! that only allows them to remove one *gaucherie* by substituting another! If there were hobadyhoys, or *parvenu* young gentlemen, standing up for a set of quadrilles, their equivalent occupation would be the eternal buttoning of those white kids that always refuse to be buttoned; but, as it is, the Misses Trowel suck their parasols.

According to Bacon, "Straws will show the way of the wind." There are people who, for the remuneration of thirteen postage stamps and a lock of your hair, will unravel to you the *gnothiseauton* mysteries of your character from a mere glance of your handwriting; and I think that I could divine the characters of the three Misses Trowel, even from such a slight manifestation as their varied modes of parasol-sucking. If you will kindly direct your eyes to Anna Maria, the eldest of "the girls" (aged twenty-seven; but this, of course, is between you and me and the baptismal register!), you will observe, that she grasps her parasol with some determination, and presses its handle firmly against her teeth: and you may be sure that when

> "She says she will—she will, you may depend on't;
> And when she says she won't—she won't, and there's an end on't."

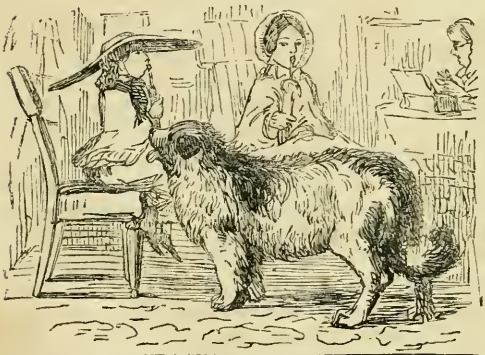
And now look at Sarah Jane, how she is biting and snapping at the handle! You may depend upon it, that if Mr. Flexible Shanks were to commit the improbability of marrying her, he would further commit himself to the discovery that his wife was of a hasty and passionate temperament. And now glance at Matilda Betsy; her parasol is suffered to recline languidly on

the lower lip, scarcely touching the upper lip, and allowing her to "wreathe" her mouth with her most bewitching smiles. You may be sure that Miss Matey's mirror is her bosom friend.

But if this custom of parasol-sucking was confined to those ladies who, as courtesy induces us to believe, are arrived at the years of discretion, I confess that I would not care to speak of it—I would leave the *gaucherie* of the act to work out its own remedy; but when I see the fashion spreading among those of tender years, I feel that the amelioration of the human race ought not to suffer through the need of a timely word of warning! Why should children be injured by the tyranny of Fashion and Alamode his wife? Is it not enough that their waists should be pinched and contracted, without their teeth being needlessly injured? If mothers do not stifle in its birth the custom of parasol-sucking, it will soon be necessary to add some such short lesson as the following to the elementary books of education:—

HOW MIS-SIE WAS PUN-ISH-ED FOR SUCK-ING HER PAR-A-SOL.

A WARN-ING TO LIT-TLE GIRLS.



Lit-tle Mis-sie and the great Dog nam-ed Sail-or.

There was Once a Lit-tle Girl call-ed Mis-sie, and she had a Great Sis-ter nam-ed Kate. And this Great Sis-ter would put her Par-a-sol to her Mouth, and would Suck the End of it. So Mis-sie thought that She must do the same; and she al-so Suck-ed her Par-a-sol. Now, one Day, she did Go with her Sis-ter to pay a Vis-it to her Aunt, who had a Large Dog who was call-ed Sai-lor, be-cause he was a New-found-land Dog, and could swim. And Sai-lor was of-ten Al-low-ed to come into Aunt's room, and he Was there when Miss-sie and Kate call-ed. And Mis-sie was Sit-ting ve-ry Up-right and Prim on her chair; and she was Suck-ing the Han-dle of her Par-a-sol, and Think-ing that it Was quite a Pret-ty Fashion, when the great Dog nam-ed

Sai-lor did come to Rub his Head in her Hand, and did Strike the Par-a-sol so hard that He did Break off one of her Front teeth. So Mis-sie did be-gin to Cry, and said that Sai-lor was a ve-ry Naugh-ty Dog for break-ing her Tooth. "Nay, but," said her Aunt, "he is a Good Dog, and must not be Blam-ed, be-cause you put your Par-a-sol where it was Ne-ver in-tend-ed to go." But this was Not all: for Mis-sie was so Dis-fig-ur-ed by hav-ing on-ly Half-a-Tooth, that the Doc-tor said she Must have the o-ther Half drawn out, and then a New Tooth would be A-ble to grow in its Place. So Mis-sie was put to Fresh Pain; and All this be-cause She did Suck her Par-a-sol. But you will Not suck your Par-a-sol, I hope; Be-cause a lit-tle La-dy should not do A-ny-thing that is Vul-gar, or that would Lead her in-to Dan-ger. So I Hope that you will Be a good Lit-tle Girl, and will Re-mem-ber Mis-sie and her bro-ken Tooth.

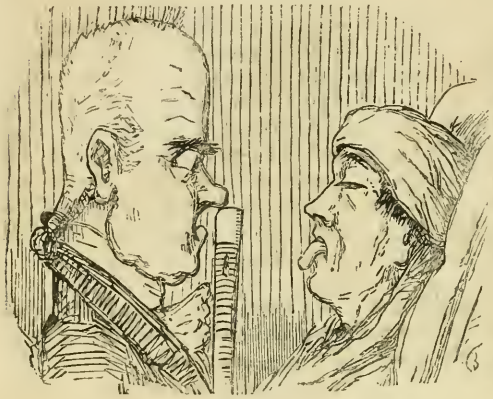
If the creative imagination of the female sex could condescend to copy anything from the manners and customs of the lords of the creation, I should fancy, that they must have borrowed the parasol-sucking fashion from that detestable modern specimen of a lord of the creation—the Gent. (We thank thee, Smith, for teaching us that word! Could you not coin us some word that should express the feminine of Gent?) His stick, or cane, affords the same source of nourishment to the Gent. that the parasol does to the *gauche* young lady. Your real, unadulterated specimen of Gent. is never happy unless the handle of his cane is between his lips. It looks so "knowing"—or, as he phrases it, if he has been "To Paris and back for Thirty Shillings," so "distangy"—and enables him to display to the best advantage the glittering Brummagem jewellery, that contrasts so tastefully with the red unwashed fingers that convey the cane to his lips. Besides this, the custom appears to possess some talismanic, open-sesame influence; and, in some way or other, helps out the few ideas the poor creature may possess. Oh, those Gents.! to think that any woman should put herself on a par with them! The thought quite unmans me.

(A flood of tears has obliterated the next paragraph.)

The parasol-sucking fashion is really quite a plague; and, perhaps, young ladies, you may not be aware that a somewhat similar fashion took its rise in the time of the Plague. The doctors had cunningly-devised boxes for aromatic scents, fixed on to the tops of their canes; and, when they visited a plague-stricken patient, they held their cane up to their nose, and so made it a

preventive from infection. Thence the custom was passed down to more modern quacks—

"Quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit."



Their stock in trade was the gold-headed cane, which, when placed against the lip or nose, and accompanied with a sagacious look and a Burleigh nod, was amply sufficient to convert any ignoramus into a man who carried

"Fate and physic in his eye."

Finally, and to conclude. The custom of parasol-sucking is childish in the extreme. You give to an infant a coral to suck, and rub against its toothless gums, for a certain useful purpose. A young lady gives herself a parasol handle to suck, for a hurtful and useless purpose. Young ladies! if you would be deemed of discreet years, you would abandon such a childish custom; if you would be thought "lady-like," you would have nothing to do with such a *gauche* fashion; if you would be wise, you would avoid all dental dangers, and would "take care of your teeth."

NORTH AND SOUTH.

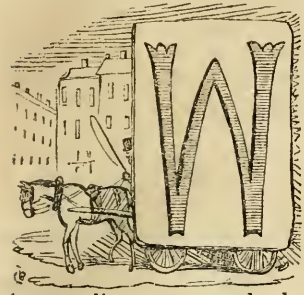
(SCENE.—*The mountainous country on this side the Cheviots.*)

Gentleman from the South.—"Can you tell me which way the hounds have gone, my good girl?"

Lady from the North.—"Weel, my cannie Southron! a vast have ganged through the burnie, and a vast have ganged adoon the brae, and haflins doon the howes by yon yowe-fauld, and haflins by the birks ayont the muir, and syne a foo ower the histie stibble!"

Gentleman.—"Oh! thank'ee!"

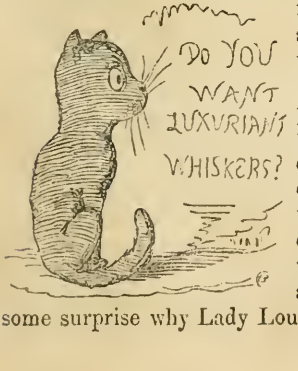
CURIOSITIES OF ADVERTISING LITERATURE.



WE are all well acquainted with the ingenious artifices by means of which modern advertisers thrust their wares upon the attention of newspaper readers. We may, perhaps, have been betrayed into the expression of some rude Saxon expletive, when, in the columns devoted to news and information, we have, in our innocence, been tempted into reading a paragraph that commenced with "It was a clever saying of the illustrious Voltaire," and dovetailed into a panegyric on Messrs. Aaron and Sons' Reversible Paletots, which possess the harlequin property of being converted at will into dress coats, frock coats, overcoats, or great coats.

Or, we may have applauded the clever logician, who so clearly demonstrates that, as Napoleon's bilious affection frequently clouded his judgment in times of greatest need, the events of the present century, and the fate of nations, would therefore have been reversed, had that great man been afforded the opportunity of taking two boxes of Snooks's Aperient Pill, price 1s. 1½d., with the Government stamp on a red ground, see Advertisement.

Or, we may have been frightened out of our five senses by the authoritative advertisements, which give us useless trouble by vociferating "Look to your legs!" and cause us an infinity of needless alarm by the unfounded statement, "You! yes, you have got the Scrofula!"



Or, we may have felt completely puzzled as to the answer we should make Mary Wedlake, who so persistently inquires, "Do you bruise your oats yet?" Or, what we should say to the ladies who are so personally offensive in their note of interrogation, "Do you want luxuriant hair and whiskers?" Or, we may feel some surprise why Lady Louisa Clutterbuck should, through the

medium of an advertisement, ask the public "What shall we have for dinner?" Or, why any music-publisher should so publicly make known the sentiments of his heart, by the open question "Will you love me then as now?" Or, why any one should take the trouble to inquire "Does your tailor satisfy you?" Or, "Do you smoke?" Or, "Do you love a good cup of tea?" Or, "Do you want your family arms?" Or, any other of those questionable shapes which interrogative advertisements assume.

We all know these advertising artifices, and may have felt indignation, surprise, or wonder, as we were made their victims; but of the fugitive advertising literature that does not find a place in the columns of the daily newspapers, but flashes into fame only in the pages of some local oracle, or in some obscurer broadsheet, how often must it remain unappreciated, and doomed to "waste its sweetness on the desert air!" That this may not be the sad fate of at least one glorious burst of advertising eloquence, I here transcribe it for the admiration of posterity, and as a model for the future *litterateurs* of the shop.

In its composition, the author was probably inspired by the grand scenery of the Cheviots, which bounded the view from his shop door. The shop was one of those generally useful ones, where the grocer and the draper hold equal reign, and where anything can be procured, from silks and satins, to butter and Bath-bricks. The composition was printed, and distributed among the neighbouring families; but when, shortly after, the author heard that his literary talents were not appreciated in the manner he had expected them to be, he (with the irritability that often accompanies genius) resolved to get back and destroy every copy of his production, and deny to the world that which it could not appreciate. Fortunately for the world's welfare, I preserved a copy of his composition, of which the following is a faithful transcript:—

"To the inhabitants of —— and its neighbourhood.

"The present age is teeming with advantages which no preceding era in the history of mankind has afforded to the human family. New schemes are projecting to enlighten and extend civilisation. Railways have been projected and carried out by an enterprising and spirited nation, while science in its gigantic power (simple yet sublime) affords to the humane mind so many facilities to explore its rich resources, the seasons roll on in their usual course, producing light and heat, the vivifying rays of the sun, and the fructifying influences of nature, producing food and happiness to the Sons of Toil; while to the people of ——

"and its neighbourhood, a rich and extensive variety of fashion-
"able goods is to be found in my warehouse, which have just been
"selected with the greatest care. The earliest visit is requested
"to convey to the mind an adequate idea of the great extent of
"his purchases, comprising as it does all that is elegant and
"useful, cheap and substantial, to the light-hearted votaries of
"Matrimony, the Matrons of Reflection, the Man of Industry,
"and the disconsolate Victims of Bereavement.

"(Signed) ————."

There is much of the turgid style of Johnson in this, mixed with the delicate refinement of a Rousseau. The peroration exhibits what Mrs. Malaprop forcibly calls "a nice derangement of epitaphs;" and, as for the rest, surely "the force of" bathos "could no further go!"

A STORY OF A NEW YEAR'S EVE.

"A Happy New Year, and God bless you, uncle!" The voice was a very small one, but lusty enough, for all that; and in the ears of Timothy Twills, parish clerk and sexton of the village of Willowley, sounded as grateful as the chink of bran-new half-crowns.

"The same to you, Tim, my lad," said his uncle, who was moreover his godfather, as he tapped the lad's head patronisingly —"the same to you, lad, and heartily. But you're too soon by some hours yet, Tim; the Old Year ain't quite dead, though he's pretty nigh gone; there's not much breath left in his body, I'll warrant him. He's been a given up by the doctors, and his coffin's ordered. He's made his will, and is a sinking peaceably; and the New Year's coming post-haste, Tim, and is expected in a few hours."

Mr. Twills delighted in the allegorical, and revelled in the Song of Solomon. The child gazed in wonder, and took in his uncle's poetical imagery with open mouth, while Mr. Twills passed into the cottage. The blazing firelight fell on a happy Christmas domestic circle, from which there arose, on Tim's entrance, a babel of unruly sounds, made cheerful with musical laughter. Three white-headed, rosy-cheeked children darted from their respective stations at their father's and mother's feet, and having made an assault upon uncle Tim's legs, forcibly led him into the midst of the family circle. The mother laughingly chided the merry children, and led Mr. Twills to the post of honour in the vacant arm-chair. Then uncle Tim had time to look around him. On his right hand, and first and foremost in the happy circle, sat the paterfamilias of the establishment, an honest labourer, very rough and very brown, with very large collars, and a very warm heart. On a long seat, with a high screen-back to it, sat his wife; a blooming little woman, the very picture of happiness and good-humour, with a miniature duplicate of herself in her arms, crowing lustily in the very exuberance of animal spirits. Next to her sat an old lady (whom the children saluted as "grandmother"), chiefly remarkable for her dulness of hearing, to remedy which she made use of what at first sight appeared to be some murderous blunderbuss, but afterwards resolved itself into a ram's horn ear-trumpet. To complete the circle, Mary, the eldest daughter, and owner of a pair of very wicked eyes and rosy lips, was engaged in mixing

up various compounds in a large bowl, from which a most agreeable odour was arising.

"Guess, uncle, what it is!" she said. Uncle Tim was at a loss to divine. It smelt too good for spiced ale, that was very clear. "Elderberry wine, perhaps?" No, that it wasn't! Couldn't be farther from the mark. Uncle Tim gave it up in despair. "A real bowl of wassail, uncle—ale, spice, sugar, apples, and I don't know what beside; ain't we grand?" Mr. Twills thought so, indeed.

"You're just come in good time, brother," said the blooming little woman. "We knew you'd call in as you went to the church to ring the New Year in, so we got it all ready in time. Your tall nephew, George, is one of those who is gone to carry the wassail bowl round the village,* and as Mary and I had the making of it, they would hear of nothing else, but that we must keep a bowl for ourselves. So you see, brother, here we are making merry, and almost as grand as the squire himself."

Uncle Tim had the first taste, and pronounced it a miracle of art; an opinion soon echoed by all. Whilst they were tasting, in came George, accompanied by his friend Dick, who had a hearty welcome from all, and a warm clasp of the hand from Mary in particular. They were full of tales and anecdotes of their progress round the village with the wassail: how the vicar's lady (God bless her!) had, with her own hands, graciously filled a glass out of their bowl, and said she wished them one and all a happy new year; and how the vicar himself had made a speech to them, and gave them not only good advice, but a handsome present with it; and how the squire had had them all into his kitchen, and promised them a dance there for the next night; and how Dr. Pillbox had given them this, and Farmer Furrow that; and how old Hunks the rich miller had set his dog at them; and all the other manifold adventures of the night. Then they all got very merry; and Dick sang the funniest comic songs that the whiteheaded children had ever heard in their lives; and even uncle Tim tried one with a "ri-too-ral" chorus of unlimited length, but broke down at the tenth verse, when the subject of the song had only just begun. Then Dick discovered that he and Mary sat just under the mistletoe, and this occasioned a great deal of struggling, accompanied with some squealing and remonstrance, but terminating in a way very satisfactory to both parties. At last, however, it was getting time for Mr. Twills to go, as he had to call in at "The Marquis of Granby," which was the village inn, for his three fellow-ringers. So, when he had

* This custom is still preserved in many counties.

been carefully buttoned up, he set out with great rejoicings, telling them that it should not be long before they heard the merriest peal that ever the four old cracked bells had rung out in honour of the New Year. But when Tim reached the inn, and was asked by his companions "just to have one glass to keep the cold out," he found it was a difficult thing at Christmas time to refuse such a hospitable invitation. He quickly found himself, therefore, within the noisy circle around the kitchen fire of "The Marquis of Granby." They were a jovial party, carousing together with that friendly spirit of cordiality which the genial Christmas time awakens in the breasts of all. There was one among them, however, who drank in moody silence, and had no laugh for the merry jests that were bandied about around him. He was quite one of the characters of the little community, and requires a word or two in passing. When he had first come among them, the villagers had given him the cognomen of "Black Bill," from his dark hair and swarthy features; and he had been known by that epithet so long, that his real name was forgotten. He was always an idle, sulky fellow, who appeared to love nothing so well as drinking, and, whenever he had a copper in his possession, usually found his way to the inn to spend it. How he got his living was a mystery, though report said that a certain game-dealer in the neighbouring county town could inform them if he chose; and one or two suspicious-looking terriers, who were always at his heels, appeared to strengthen this surmise. For some months past he had been, to all appearance, better off than usual, but the fact that game had been plentiful was, to their minds, proof sufficient.

The fire was cheering, the brandy was exhilarating, the company were pressing, and Mr. Twills' single glass was trebled before he found that it was absolutely time to be off.

"You go and get all right," said one of his fellow-ringers, who was loth to leave, "and we three mates will soon follow you." So Tim set out for the church alone, and found, when he had gone out of doors, that he had had "quite as much as he could carry"—perhaps more. It was a sharp night. The crisp and frozen snow lay deep upon the ground, and cracked under his feet as he strode on. Every little branch and spray of the old elms in the avenue was gemmed with hoar frost; and through its frozen network he could see the pale moon sailing along through a sea of fleecy white clouds. Timothy opened the little wicket, and passed into the churchyard. All the tombstones were standing up, quite stiff and solemn, doing penance in a mantle of snow: each bush looked like the ghost of a departed

curate rising up in his surplice, and every grave seemed covered with a winding-sheet. To cheer himself, Tim began to whistle, but stopped, on finding that the tune was "King Death is a rare old fellow." Suddenly he called to mind how the last sexton—who, though reported to be a miser, yet had never paid his debts—had gone to that same church with himself and two others to ring in the last new year's peal; and how that he had been left behind by them to close the belfry, and had never been seen afterwards; and how that he had been distinctly visible to a certain veracious villager (returning to his cottage from "The Marquis of Granby"), darting through the belfry window, enveloped in blue smoke, and mounted on a streaming-tailed black charger, that snorted flashes of fire; and how that other people had treated this tale with scorn, and said the old sexton had chosen that night to run away from the village (where he had no kith or kin), to escape paying his numerous debts; and, that, when his cottage was searched, not a halfpenny could be found there, which had confirmed their tale. Timothy had been one of those who believed this latter account of his predecessor's disappearance; now, however, he thought the former report was not so destitute of credit as some people seemed to imagine.

Tim knew every inch of the churchyard—that

> "In cincture small,
> Yet infinite its grasp of weal and woe"—

and could find out its path just as well when it was hidden in snow, as in the sunny days of summer. Close by there was a deep grave: he had been digging at it for the last two days, for the earth had been all frozen up like iron; and in the morning, on the first day of "the glad new year," the corpse was to be buried there. Timothy was pretty well used to such things, yet, for all that, he rather quaked as he saw it, and thought that Christmas was not always a merry Christmas, and wondered whether he should be alive next New Year's Day, for he remembered that the dead man, that time last year, had been as full of life and vigour as any of them. He carried a lantern with him, whose flame threw a flickering, sickly light over the graves as he passed them by. Tim felt he would much rather have brought his companions with him, or been seated at his sister's cheerful hearth; but there was no help for him; so on he went. It took him some few minutes before he could open the church-door, for the snow had drifted into the key-hole; but when he did so, what an echo there was! Tim passed on into the porch, within which was the door that led to the belfry. It was simple enough,

with a stone seat on the one side, where the old dames would sit and rest on a Sunday, and drop their curtsies to the vicar and squire as they passed by; yet, somehow, Tim rather shuddered as he looked around. The cold walls presented a cheerless contrast to the bright fireside he had just left; and the grotesque heads that terminated the stone rib-work of the roof leered on him hideously. The plaster walls on either side were, according to rustic English fashion, scrawled over with autographs and pithy records of village celebrities, who had either been hung or sent across the seas for crime; and these, he hardly knew why, Tim began to read. The three-quarters' chime aroused him from his reverie, and brought to his recollection the task he was come upon. Removing the tressels placed in readiness to convey the dead man to his grave on the morrow, he opened the belfry-door, and began to ascend the tower. The steps were old and time-eaten, and, as Tim thought, more slippery than their wont. The walls, when he touched them, were streaming with a damp, unearthly kind of moisture, and, by the flickering light of his lantern, he could see great spiders clambering up fearfully to their ghost-like webs. Through every little loophole the cold wind came, driving in the drifting snow-flakes, and making the frozen ivy leaves rustle with a grating sound, like the noise the cords made in the coffin-handles when he lowered a corpse into the grave. Through each crevice he had a glimpse of the white churchyard, and the graves, and the pale moon, looking down so silently upon all. There were a good many stairs before he could reach the top, and they wound round and round so, that Tim's brain grew quite dizzy and confused; so much so, that when at last with some difficulty he had reached the top, he staggered, and fell with a great noise upon the belfry floor. He had not been long in this position before he fancied he heard a great noise overhead, and, looking up, he saw, to his great astonishment, a queer little fellow, with a very fat body and the shortest of legs, come gliding gently down the bell-rope. Before Tim had time to think how it was possible for him to squeeze his fat body through the small hole made in the ceiling for the bell-rope to pass through, he saw another pair of legs come sliding down the next rope. They were rather longer legs than the first pair he had seen, and supported a body not quite so stout, though still of good dimensions. Tim wondered more and more, when he saw the next bell-rope occupied by another pair of still longer legs, and a more genteelly-shaped body; but then he had got so used to the sight, that when he saw a little man, with a very little body and very long legs, come sliding down the fourth rope,

at a very rapid rate, he scarcely wondered at all. As each figure came down at a quicker speed than the one that appeared before it, they all reached the ends of their bell-ropes at the same moment, and alighted with a jingling sound upon the belfry floor. Tim's first remark was, that they were all clothed exactly alike. He glanced rather suspiciously at their feet, but if they terminated in cloven hoofs, they were very ingeniously concealed in long-pointed shoes of crimson leather. Stockings of the same colour were on their legs, while the rest of their bodies was clad in a fantastical dress of black, slashed with red. Each had upon his head a high conical crimson cap, decorated with a raven's plume, fastened on by a representation of a skull and cross-bones. Tim had just completed his survey, and was gazing at them in surprise, when they all took off their caps, and made him a polite bow.

"We are come to see how you are, Timothy Twills," said the first and fattest, who spoke in a deep bass voice.

"Thank you, sir," said Tim, for he thought he should lose nothing by being polite; "and I'd call you by your names, but I've never had the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"Yes, but you have, though," answered the fat gentleman, rather sharply, "and pulled us about pretty roughly more than once: I'm the Great Bell."

"Indeed, sir!" said Tim, who felt quite surprised with himself for not being frightened; "and I suppose the other gentlemen are the other Bells?"

"They are," said the Great Bell. "We are all brothers, and all men of metal. What's that in the flask?"

"Brandy, sir," said Tim; "and you're welcome to take a pull."

"Tim, you're a good sort of fellow, and I like you," said the Great Bell, as he took the flask. "Give me your hand."

Tim held it out, and felt that the Great Bell's hand was as cold and as hard as iron. So were those of the others, for they all shook hands with him.

"Here's your health, Tim, and plenty of work to you," said the Great Bell, as he took a pull at the flask, and passed it on to his brothers. "And pray, what does Timothy Twills want here at this time of night?"

"If you please, sir," said Tim, in rather faltering accents, "I am come to ring you to let the New Year in."

"Timothy Twills come to ring us to let the New Year in! Well I never—Ho! ho! ho!" roared the Great Bell. "Ha! ha! ha!" chimed in the second. "He! he! he!" laughed the

third; while the Little Bell chuckled so, that he was obliged to roll on the floor, and kick his long red legs desperately in the air, before he could at all recover himself.

When the Great Bell had done laughing, and wiped the tears from his eyes, he looked at Tim very gravely, and said, "What went with the man who came to ring us in last New Year's Eve?"

Tim was afraid to tell the goblin-version of the story, so he said that the individual in question had certainly never been seen after that night, but was supposed to have run away from the village.

The Great Bell laughed louder than ever, and the mirth of his brothers seemed quite furious. The Little Bell said it was the best thing he had ever heard in his life, and forthwith rolled off in paroxysms of delight.

"Ran away from the village, did he!" said the Great Bell at length. "I say, Mr. Twills, look here;" and with that the Great Bell stooped down, and, pulling two rusty nails out of the floor, lifted up a plank, and bade Tim see what was in. He stepped forward and looked, but started back with horror. He tried to speak, but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, yet his eyes were fixed on what he saw, as though by a spell. In the aperture between the flooring and the ceiling that was beneath, lay the cramped-up corpse of a man, whom, by his dress, for the rats had eaten away his features, Tim recognised as the old sexton.

"Left the village, did he?" said the Great Bell, in a hollower voice than before. "Tim knows better than that now. But you come to welcome in the New Year, and we won't disappoint you. Let's be merry. Do you dance?" Tim thought of "the Dance of Death," but said nothing. "Your hands, brothers," said the Great Bell, "and we'll show him the Chimes Quadrilles." With that, the Great Bell seized Tim by the right hand, and the Little Bell by the left, and round and round they all went. First they were on one side of the hole where the corpse was laid, and the next second they were on the other, and sometimes they were so close that Tim could scarcely keep himself from tripping in, and stepping on the body. As they danced, the Bells rang out a rude kind of music, that gradually grew wilder and quicker in its measures as the dancers whirled round faster and faster. Louder and louder rang out the music, and quicker and quicker the Bells danced on. Tim's brain whirled round, his eyes swam, the four Bells and the corpse multiplied by hundreds, until, getting more and more confused, Tim

could keep up no longer, but sank senseless on the belfry floor.

There he was found shortly after by his three fellow-ringers, who had followed him from the inn. At first they thought Mr. Twills was dead, but finding that he breathed and snored audibly, they came to the conclusion that he was only dead drunk. His nephew George and a few others had followed the ringers to assist in ringing in the New Year, and George now commenced to shake his uncle pretty hastily—"Holloa! Get up, uncle."

"Thank ye, sir! I've—hic—danced enough," replied Tim, without opening his eyes, and under the full persuasion he was addressing the Great Bell.

"Come, uncle, what nonsense this is!" continued George. "Rouse yourself, and come with me. You know me, don't you? Who am I?"

"The Great Bell," replied Tim, gravely.

George saw that further interrogation was useless, so he began, with the help of the others, to set his uncle on his legs again. The action rather roused Mr. Twills, and, changing his manner, he cried suddenly, "Mind the corpse there! Mind, mind! You're treading on it where the rats have been." And, as he talked thus, and shouted "Murder!" they dragged him with some difficulty down the belfry steps into the churchyard.

"Tim's further gone in liquor than I ever seed him before," said one of the bystanders.

"This comes of making wash-butts of yourselves in beer-shops," said another. He was a teetotaller, so spake triumphantly.

"For all that," said a third, "the New Year shan't come in without a peal of some sort. I'll take Tim's place at the rope." And very soon the four cracked bells were heard to start off into a mad peal.

The cold, biting breeze that swept through the churchyard, and the judicious application of a quantity of snow to Tim's forehead, had restored his brain to something like consciousness. "Where am I?" said he.

"Why, here, in the churchyard, uncle; where else should you think?"

"Then where's the Great Bell?"

This was a poser: and the teetotaller was heard to hazard the observation, that Mr. Twills was drunk, blind drunk.

The remark caught Tim's ear, and he replied indignantly, as he became more alive to what was going on, "I'm no more drunk nor that tombstone. But ain't it natural for me to

ask for the Great Bell, when I've been dancing with him?"

"Holloa! what's up now?" said George, as he checked his mirth on seeing his uncle start as though in terror. "Any ghost abroad?"

"No, no," replied Tim, hurriedly; "no ghost, George, but a corpse that you can feel and touch. Come back to the belfry, for God's sake—there's murder been done!"

Scarcely knowing what they were about, yet convinced, by Tim's earnest manner, that something was wrong, they suffered him silently to lead them back to the belfry. The four men were pulling lustily at the bell-ropes, making the old tower rock again. A hoarse whisper from Tim stopped them; and all was still save the dying vibrations of the peal. Then Tim told them how the Bells had come to see him, and how the Great Bell had shown him the body of the long-missing sexton. "I saw it plainly under these very boards; and I feel a something within that tells me it is there, and that we shall find it."

However much the group might have laughed at his tale, had he told it them when seated round the blazing inn-fire, yet now his earnest words, the nature of his tale, and the influence of time and place, had the desired effect, and all were ready to obey Tim's commands. Snatching up a pickaxe, he began to wrench up the boards, his nephew and others aiding him. A cry of horror burst from the party, when, underneath one of the planks, just as Tim had described it, lay the body of the murdered sexton! A clasp-knife, its blade rusted in the blood, that had apparently been the weapon with which the crime had been committed, was found in the hole with the body.

"I should know that knife," said one of the party, intently examining it. "It is Black Bill's."

* * * *

In a fortnight after, Black Bill, who was now lying in gaol, having been convicted by the strongest circumstantial evidence, confessed that he was the murderer. His account of his crime was briefly this:—He had known well enough the common report that the old sexton was a miser, and, night after night, had peered through the broken shutters of his cottage, to ascertain if the tale were true. On Christmas night he saw the old man count over his hoard, and lay it carefully in a secret place in the chimney-corner. From that moment he watched his opportunity: nor was it long in coming. On New Year's Eve the old man had tarried behind his three companions who had been helping him to ring, and Black Bill slipped up into the belfry. The glad peal that had proclaimed the birth of another year, tolled

a death-knell for his hapless victim. The feebleness of old age offered but a slight resistance to his savage strength, and his clasp-knife did the rest. When the murder was done, he was afraid to carry the body down into the churchyard, so concealed it where it was found, burying his knife and all traces of his guilt with it. When this was done, and he saw by the light of the moonbeams, which shone accusingly through the little window down upon the very spot, that there was no trace left that could whisper to the world of his crime, he carefully locked the church-door, and, proceeding to the sexton's cottage, took the price of his blood—the much-coveted gold.

* * * *

Tim lived long after this; but though he often rang in the birth of a new year, yet he was never again visited by the Bells. Nevertheless, he puts the firmest faith in their bodily existence on that one particular night; and accounts for their non-appearance at other times, by the supposition that they came for the sole purpose of revealing to him the murder of his predecessor. The schoolmaster of the village, however, who is always looked up to as "Sir Oracle," entertains a different theory.

"You see, Tim," he says, "you had been thinking of the old sexton just before, and you had seen Black Bill at 'The Marquis of Granby's:' some thoughts which may have long lain dormant in your mind, or even scarcely existed there, may thus have been kindled. You had been drinking largely, and you fell on the belfry floor. You then very naturally have the nightmare in an aggravated form, and your previous thoughts take the semblance of reality. Nothing supernatural here! Your goblin-dream may be accounted for on the very simplest grounds. Indeed, Abercrombie says" —— And so he goes on.

But, in spite of this, Tim resolutely maintains his own opinion; and very often, especially at Christmas time, when seated by his sister's fireside, and Mary's blooming children (for she and Dick have long been married) looking wonderingly into his face, then will Tim relate to an attentive and delighted audience his wonderful version of The Story of a New Year's Eve.

A SCENE FROM THE LIFE-DRAMA OF MR. DIOGENES SMITH.

My Christian name is Diogenes; my surname is Smith. To the best of my belief, I have heard of others who bear the latter name. I am inclined to think that the name of Alexander Smith is not altogether unfamiliar to me. The bearer of that name has come before the public with his "Life-drama," and is recognised as a Poet. I, too, am a Poet; but *my* life's drama has hitherto been written in the sternest prose. And yet, if Mr. Alexander Smith were acquainted with me, and could feel the glow of that poetic fire which is daily consumed within the spacious kitchen-range of my breast, he would doubtless convert to his own purposes the exclamation of a monarch of old, and would exclaim, "Were I not Alexander (Smith), I would wish to be Diogenes (Smith)!"

I am a Poet, not only by nature, but also by profession. In my calling, I am a humble weaver of the web of Fancy's loom; in my existence, I am a species of domestic chameleon, subsisting chiefly on air and inspiration. My mundane prospects have never been of the brightest; and the laurels of my fame, instead of thriving 'neath golden showers, have been closely clipped by the relentless shears of Atropos.

I am the Child of Destiny! Long since she marked me for her own, and the Sun of my Hope sank in gloomy blackness. A singular fatality has pursued my career; and, in its wildest flights, the Dark Shadow has ever been near me. But is it not ever so with true genius? The day *will* come when the Phœnix of my Fame will soar on high from the ashes of my obscurity! The prophetic spirit of a Tiresias burns within me, and tells me that thus it will be.

Why, then, sorrow for the Past when the Future opens so brightly? If Magazine-Editors are so blind to their own interests as to perseveringly reject articles that would give a stamp to their periodicals, why should *I* grieve? If the Drama has sunk so low that the managers are compelled to reject my Classical Tragedy of "The Man of Thessaly," written on the model of "Timon of Athens," the theme being taken from the well-known nursery-song which informs us that the Man of Thessaly was so wondrous wise that he jumped into a quickset-hedge and scratched out both his eyes; and that, when he saw his eyes were out, he cried with might and main; then jumped into

another hedge and scratched them in again;—if Managers are compelled to reject a Tragedy with a theme like this, wherein, with the vigour of a Sophocles, I have depicted the Thessalian Man, like the sightless Œdipus, great in his calamity, rising superior to his fate, and at length rewarded by his restoration to vision:—if a subject of such thrilling interest is not allowed to exercise its due influence on the public feelings, why should I accept the degradation of the Stage as a fair criticism on my dramatic powers? If Newspaper proprietors are so lost to all the better feelings of humanity as to refuse inserting my effusions in their "Poet's Corner," and even to further lacerate my wounded feelings by informing me that "he who steals my *Verse* steals trash," why should I do violence to myself, or pluck out my hair in anguish? If our Tailors are so wanting in good habits—if our merchants in blacking are so deficient of polish—if our cheap Tea-dealers are guilty of still Grocer violations of gentlemanly conduct, so that they one and all reject my poetical puffs as not being sufficiently tart and lively, why, then, should I heap upon my head the ashes of Grief, and clothe myself in the sackcloth of Woe? Why, indeed?

But to my tale. "About my brains!" as Hamlet says.

I was early left a widower, with one child—a son, who was named Richard in compliment to his maternal uncle; a very empty compliment, for the uncle died without giving or leaving him a groat. With such few Lares and Penates as had been spared to me, I removed my place of residence to a house built within the classic precincts of "Old Drury." My room was an attic: it was my fancy that thus it should be; for what influence, said I, may not this elevated position exercise over that Attic genius which in olden days glowed in a Solon, and now fires the breast of a Smith? The room, too, served as a humble instrument for the advancement of Science; for at night, while lying on my lowly couch, I could discern the stars and their courses, through those apertures in the roof that a penurious landlord had declined to repair. "Star of my Destiny!" I would then exclaim, "though thou art for a while hidden by the clouds of Fate, thou shalt yet shine forth in all thy bright effulgence!"

In the neighbourhood where I resided there was an old-fashioned hostelry, much frequented by the necessary but often despised adjuncts of a large theatrical establishment like Drury Lane Theatre. At this hostelry I was a frequent visitor; for the friends I there met could assist me in procuring a temporary engagement at the neighbouring home of the National Drama;

and, at such times as the fluctuations of the managerial treasury obliged the theatre to be desecrated by Equestrians, Elephants, Protectionists, and other wild beasts, I was fortunate enough to lend my assistance to rival establishments. For although I write Tragedies, why should I not also assist in the representation of Tragedies? Did not Shakspeare the same? and shall a Diogenes Smith wrap himself up in his pride (to say nothing about his poverty) and refuse to follow his idol's example? If one great man condescended to appear as the Ghost in "Hamlet," why should not another great man tread the boards as the second Volscian Guard in "Coriolanus"?

But I must enter upon my sad tale. The Christmas holidays were over, and the Pantomimes had at last brought their wearisome pleasures to an end. In two of them I had procured engagements for myself and my youthful son, who had already begun to develope powers of great and versatile genius. Our theatrical duties brought us before the public in various characters. They beheld me as the dandy in the blue coat, white trousers, and "property" eye-glass, whose enormous neck-cloth is taken off in an ingenious manner by the Clown, while his attention and eye-glass are directed to an imaginary balloon; and who, without discovering the abstraction, departs, after interchanging with Mr. Merryman the most obsequious formalities of civilized life. The public beheld me also as one of the gentlemen who, in the Baths and Wash-houses' Scene, are made to walk into the department appropriated to the ladies, through an intentional change of placards by the Clown. The public further viewed me as the irate Shopkeeper, who is being constantly drawn out of his establishment by loud knockings at the door, only to fall over the Clown, who is lying in wait upon the door-step. And the children roared at me when I was the Omnibus traveller who is torn in twain by rival Conductors; or the Fishmonger, or Baker, or Greengrocer, whose respective commodities are doomed to be purloined in the most barefaced manner.

My little Richard's duties were almost as multifarious. He was the Negro youth in the Uncle Tom scene, whose sable "fleshings" were fully developed by the scantiness of his white drapery; and who, in company with another child, was supposed to be smothered in a basket by the Clown (with that reckless disregard of human life and the laws of his country which Mr. Merryman ever entertains), and to be extracted therefrom, with his fellow-sufferer, as "a pair of damaged black kids." He also formed one of the mob of street boys who are so necessary to a Pantomime's existence; and, dressed as Jack Sheppard, the

"thief" of a huge candle; and, attired in a skin, and walking on all fours—a cat upon the tiles over the Pantaloon's bedroom; and, equipped with a bow and arrow—Love among the roses; and, decorated with spangles and wings—the Fairy of the Revolving Star, in the last scene of the Gorgeous Grotto of Stalactæan Splendour.

If the public had been as weary of these things as *we* were, our manager might have at once closed his Establishment; but the public and their children patronised us, and our Pantomime had a long run. At length it was removed to make way for the Easter novelty, in which I was compelled to take the unsatisfactory part of a Demon, for the demoniac hire of one shilling a night. My little Richard was obliged to accept an engagement at a neighbouring theatre, where he was to enact the character of Nautilus, the Sprite of the Silver Wave. He had to appear sailing over the waves in a little car (which ran upon wheels hidden from the eyes of the audience), and then, at the appearance of Souwesta, the Spirit of the Storm, he had immediately to sink beneath the Waves of Ocean. To do this his car had been brought over a trap-door, which opened so as to allow him to descend, when the trap was forthwith shot up again to its former position. This required great expertness; and, until the Easter Spectacle had run long enough to enable my dear Richard to gain the necessary adroitness, I was in nightly fear lest some accident should befal him. A little inattention to the machinery of the "trap," or the error of but a few seconds, either on his own part or on that of the carpenter, would produce consequences the bare thought of which made me shudder. It was, therefore, with considerable anxiety that I nightly waited for him at our hostelry, where, after the labours of the evening, we refreshed ourselves with the stout of London and the periwinkles of Billingsgate.

Easter had fallen rather early. It was now the last evening in the month of March, and our pair of Spectacles had been brought before the eye of public opinion, and had not brought a case of chagrin to the Managers, for they had been performed for a week with the greatest success. As yet, my darling Richard had sunk beneath the Waves of Ocean with applause, and a whole skin: but how long was this to last?

I have said that it was the last evening in March. I had returned to my tavern, and was awaiting my son. A gloom which I could not account for had spread over my mind: I felt heavy and sad at heart, and gave vague replies to the words addressed to me. Was it that I felt those foreshadowings that so often

presage the coming woe? Or was it that, on that night, my Demon's mask had fallen off when I was before the full glare of the foot-lights; and that, because the interest of the scene had thereby been endangered, the Stage-manager (calling to his aid the false charge of inebriety) had dismissed me from my situation? I know not. But thus it was that I sat there on that last evening of March, and Gloom possessed my soul.

The entrance of the son of my landlady roused me from my abstraction. His words were few, but they smote upon my heart as the knell of the alarum smites the midnight air.

"If you please, Mr. Smith, your Dicky's been brought home mangled!"

So spake the son of Griggs; more he would have said, but, in a delirium of grief, I had rushed from the tavern. The thought of my youthful Richard—the only hope left to me—the pride and delight of my advancing years—my sole son and heir—being cut off while yet in his bud, was too overpowering for my refined poetical and paternal feelings. I saw at once how it was. "Brought home mangled!" Those were the words. Then, what I had nightly dreaded had at length come to pass; the fears I had nightly trembled to entertain were at length realised—his doom had come. He had been a second too late, or the carpenter had been a second too early, and the "trap" had shot up, and he had been—mangled! His youthful figure, that had bounded so blithesomely in his negro delineations, was now—mangled! His form, so full of grace; his limbs, so pliant and active, were now—mangled!

I could scarcely summon up courage to enter the house where the mangled form had been borne. My crushed heart could not yet bear the shock of seeing the body that had so lately moved in the unbounded and wild exultation of free and happy boyhood, now stretched upon the bed bruised and mangled. With some difficulty I had mounted about half way to my apartment, when I encountered Mrs. Griggs, my landlady. She was a female of large dimensions, and blocked up the staircase so as to impede my progress.

"Where—where's my Dicky?" I gasped, in faltering accents.

"I brought him 'ome," she said, "and laid him on your bed. And now you'll obleege me by paying for them three weeks of blessed rent and washing, which you owes and promised faithful, you did. Which your promises ain't worth a brass farden, they ain't; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, you ought, a going swindling hardworkin' hinnocent widders in this howdacious, hinsolent, himperent, theayter-going, horfiseeriu', hincreddylus manner!"

I forcibly rushed past her; I did not stop to remark on the want of good feeling evidenced by this woman, who could thus obtrude her little household matters on my great and all-absorbing woe; but, at once throwing open my chamber-door, I staggered into the room.

I looked upon the bed: my son was not there. To my inexpressible relief, my Richard was not to be seen in the apartment, but laid upon the bed was one of those useful articles of domestic economy which (to an outward eye) supersedes the use of a shirt, and is called a "Dickey" It was not, then, my Richard that had been mangled, but my "dickey." And my dear son coming in at that instant, unhurt by stage accident, and gladsome as ever in spirits, completed the ecstatic joy of that blissful moment.

I will not add more to the subject: a father's feelings can be imagined. Suffice it to say that, at an early hour of the ensuing morning, so disgusted was I at the heartless conduct of my landlady, I stole quietly away from her apartment for ever, with a "dickey" on my breast and a Richard at my side.

On the table I left a note, in which were these words—"I write this for the purpose of reminding you that it is the first of April, and that you have been made an April Fool."

Perhaps my readers may be able to enter into Mrs. Griggs's feelings on perusing the foregoing.

POP GOES THE QUESTION.

OP goes the question has often led people a very pretty dance. It has been a pop that has always been exceedingly popular, and is revived from time to time, as much from necessity as fashion. The step is a very decided one; but, though usually regarded as difficult, yet a little boldness and address is all that is required to make the gentleman a rapid proficient.

The steps are usually taken in the following order:—

Gentleman advances, and bows to lady; chasse to lady's side; hands across; balancez, and set (on a chair). Lady (makes) advances, and then retreats (into herself); gentleman follows up (his advantage), and balancez (on the chair); lady's chain (of endearments); cavalier seul; set (to work); right and left (with small talk); heads round (with excitement); down the middle and up again (with prepared speeches); gentleman takes lady's hand; lady withdraws it; poussette; right and left; hands across; gentleman drops on one knee, and turns the lady (to his purpose); grand round (of arm about the waist.) *Pop goes the Question!*

This step is generally concluded by the figures joining hands, and uniting in a ring. The ordinary *finale* to step is childish in the extreme.

MISTLETOE ANTICIPATIONS.

BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN "WHO KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD."

Air—Apparent.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
We the mistletoe hung high
On a cold night in December,
When the Christmas Eve drew nigh;
I remember, from the ceiling
How its gleaming berries shone
On the pretty girls there squealing,
As I kiss'd them ev'ry one!
I remember, I remember,
How the misletoe hung high
On that cold night in December;
And the tale that hangs thereby.

Then the dancing, then the dancing,
And the waving hair all tress'd;
And the bright eyes brighter glancing
When the little waist was press'd;
And the flirting, and the flirting,
Oh! how well I can recall!
And the lips their charms asserting,
For I think I kiss'd them all!!
I remember, I remember,
Each pretty girl and kiss;
And I judge from that December,
Of the fun I shall have this.

I was merry, I was merry,
When my pretty cousins came;
For their lips were tempting, (very!)
So I kiss'd them all the same!
Girls that night, sir, girls that night, sir,
As frolicsome as fair,
Ran about in wild delight, sir,
When the mistletoe was there.
I remember, I remember,
How they feign'd to hate the kiss;
But they kiss'd in that December,
And—I think they'll do so this!

THE CHRISTMAS CAMPAIGN.

By the anticipations of the underhand Male, we are in possession of important intelligence concerning the forthcoming Christmas Campaign.

The campaign will commence on the evening of the 24th of December, and will be ushered in by the merry sounds of the Belles and the firing of Bon-bons. The hoisting of a large, green, white-berried banner, will be the signal for action. Much caution will at first be observed. There will be mutual advances and retreats of either party, accompanied by a few salutes from the Light Infantry, who will prove very troublesome to the enemy; after which the Light Infantry will be dispersed, or forcibly taken prisoners, and carried off to the Intrenchments.

Nothing of importance, however, will take place until the withdrawal of the Heavy Cavalry of the Guards and Blues, whose manœuvres will be found to be entirely unsuited to the peculiar nature of the work, and an encumbrance to the operations of the lighter and more active bodies.

The Sharpshooters and Skirmishers will then advance with their Ball practice; the Lancers will be formed in sets; and, after a rapid Galop, and a quick (Sturm) March, the action will become general. Sharp reports will constantly be heard, succeeded by volleys (of laughter). The single files will especially distinguish themselves, and will be found wherever the enemy's colours are seen fluttering at the head.

Those of the first rank—especially a few possessing Titles and Honourable distinctions—will be found invincible, and will carry all before them; while the enthusiasm of all will be greatly excited by the large share of *booty* possessed by the enemy.

There will be a great bustle in the rear, and small bodies will be captured by larger ones, and will have to pay a heavy ransom for their release. During these struggles the Foot will come forward with great advantage.

Many personal encounters and assaults of arms will take place; and the enemy's Breast-works will be completely encircled. From some quarters the advances will be made with such success, that inroads will be effected in the very heart of the enemy. A Rout will then succeed, in which the Great Guns will be brought forward with much success.

These Skirmishes will probably take place, at intervals, for some weeks; when final engagements will be made, and an Alliance entered into.

QUERIES, TO WHICH WE PAUSE FOR A REPLY.

"Thou com'st in such a question-able shape!"

Are the sewers flushed because of the hot weather?

If a cab is hired by a pretty girl who has "seen better days," is she to be considered as a reduced fare?

What part do the Moon's horns play in the Music of the Spheres? Or, are they included in the Band of Orion?

Are not furs the best trees to protect a house from wintry storms?

Is a poor man's walk through life necessarily an easy one, because he meets with no cheques?

When Shakspeare said "I saw A. Smith," (*King John*, Act. iv., Sc. 2.) did he mean that he had seen the hero of Mont Blanc?

The advertising columns of the newspapers continually record (in large type) "*Nunn's made mustard.*" Did these nuns belong to any of the religious houses near to Durham; and were they reduced to the making of mustard through the monasteries being so peppered by Henry the Eighth?

Are "the Baron's retainers," referred to in the song of "The Mistletoe Bough," the legal "retainers" that have been held by Mr. Baron Scales or Mr. Baron Bigwig?

The proverb says that "Patience is a Virtue." If a surgeon has no patients, does it therefore follow that he has no virtue?

In the "Memoirs of Mr. Hudson Stagg" (to be obtained at all Railway Libraries), it is said that "leaving his Stock-jobbing, he now launched into other Schemes." Why does it say "launched"? Was it because he had got off the stocks?

At our Universities, a private tutor is called "a Coach," and his instruction "coaching." Have these phrases anything to do with "the Curriculum of Study" pursued there?

Is it probable that agricultural labourers would make the best militia-men, because they have been in the habit of attending to their drills?

Would a poultry-fancier be unable to ride in his carriage in England, because he keeps his Coach-in China?

Is Saturn the champion of the planets, that he wears a belt? Would he have to give it up to Mars or Jupiter if either of them should win the championship of the ring?

CRACKERS FOR PARTIES.

The Lord Mayor always draws his own coach. It is one of his duties as a mare.

The author of *The Lily and the Bee* is the Warren who "does" the poetry for the blacking advertisements. It is bootless to speak of the polish of his style.

The *Morning Herald* is generally regarded among newspapers as the cock of the walk.

The "King-maker" Earl of Warwick, of Henry the Sixth's time, was the old original "Erl King."

The *Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin* is a latch-key of the ordinary kind.

Napoleon's last movement at Waterloo was met by the advance of the English foot, strengthened by a Wellington and a Blucher.

Mr. Bramah, the lockmaker, is much respected in the East; in fact, they quite worship him there.

When the almanacks say that "day breaks," they mean that the bankruptcy extends to both Day and Martin.

A full account of the Dome of St. Paul's is to be found in the Domesday Book at the British Museum.

It is not Sir David Wilkie's palette that is preserved on his statue at the National Gallery, but his *palate*. The latter is in far better taste than the former.

The Dunmow Flitch of Bacon is all gammon.

The person commemorated on the 5th of November is the Duke of Guise.

Rome was built in a day.

The Count Out is the only nobleman who may always be found in his place in Parliament.

The learned pig derived his knowledge from "Bacon's Essays" and "Hogg's Instructor."

The wife-beating husband's deity is Nox.

A DAMPER.

"Well, if *this* is what they calls 'Untin, I shall cut it. Here are all the 'osses and 'ounds gone out of sight and 'earin';—I can't find a gate out of this field;—I haven't got no cigars;—there's a sov. to pay for the 'Ack;—it's rainin' like hanaythin';—there's a fog comin' on, and I don't know a hinch of the country. Let me get safe 'ome to 'Oxton, and I'll never come a 'Untin any more."

(*The fog surrounds him.*)

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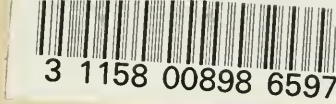

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